

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 821—Vol. XXXII.]

NEW YORK, JUNE 24, 1871.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]

## PUBLIC CITY RESORTS IN AMERICA.

PHILADELPHIA, which long gloried in "Fairmount," before New York could boast of its "Croton," has incidentally shot ahead of all other American cities, by acquiring land and water for a grand Park, in connection with its pioneer water-works. "Incidentally," we say—for it was in purchasing territory along the Schuylkill and Wissahickon, to abate nuisances prejudicial to the purity of its water-supply, that the Philadelphians secured an amount of land three-fold greater and far more picturesque than the original site of our Central Park. And all this was accomplished at only half the estimated cost of securing purity in its water-supply. Factories and other concerns along the above-named streams discharged foul matters to such an extent as rendered it indispensable to buy all the property along the banks for several miles; and thus a double object was accomplished—the land necessary for guarding the water-supply forming an admirable extension for the Park—the Schuylkill and the Wissahickon now becoming permanent features in the landscape thus devoted to public recreation. Rarely, indeed, are two great objects accomplished so happily. The Philadelphians may well pride themselves on success in these essential matters.

With the additions thus made, Fairmount Park includes 2,700 acres—affording a circuit drive of twenty miles, including both sides of the streams—along which routes, Nature has done a large share of the embellishment requisite for a Park, in the picturesque banks of both rivers, studded with magnificent forest-trees, and enlivened by running waters—the latter features adding vastly to the beauty of the landscape—to the perfections of which, aquatic prospects are indispensable. In the grandeur of its forests, the new Park resembles those old English estates where time and



LITTLE ROBE (TAK-KEE-O-MAR), CHIEF OF THE CHEYENNES.

money have accomplished wonders in arboriculture. As our Philadelphia friends readily concede to New York proper credit for pioneering the way in American park-making, and in accomplishing such miracles as it has already achieved by converting a loathsome locality into a scene of wonderful beauty, they are welcome to all the credit resulting from their sagacity and enterprise in securing for their noble Park an extent of territory endowed with extraordinary advantages, "ready-made," for promoting health and comfort in their city through all time.

Although the utility and grandeur of a public resort are not entirely dependent on size—the Prospect Park, of Brooklyn, for instance, having advantages of marine and other views which give it prominence over other pleasure-resorts of greater dimensions—it may be noted that, in point of size, the Philadelphia Park surpasses every other "institution" of the kind, designed for popular recreation, in any part of the world. The celebrated Hyde Park, of London, has less than 400 acres—not one-sixth of the size of Fairmount—the Regent's Park has 470; Battersea, 175; Kensington, 262; and St. James', only 55 acres. So much for London, with its nearly four millions of inhabitants. Liverpool is far behind in park-making—the Birkenhead having less than 200 acres. Phoenix Park, in Dublin, long celebrated in connection with the Irish metropolis, has less than 1,800 acres—or only two-thirds of the extent of Fairmount. The world-renowned Bois-de-Boulogne, at Paris, has less than 2,200 acres—nearly 900 of which are meadow, about 600 in woods, and less than 200 in water—with about 170 in nurseries and flower-beds—over 350 acres being required for roadways. The Thiergarten, at Berlin, has but 200 acres—which may soon be extended to proportions commensurate with the increased dignity of that city, as the seat of government for the German Empire. Tzarzko



LITTLE RAVEN, HEAD CHIEF OF THE ARAPAHOES.



BIRD CHIEF, WAR-CHIEF OF THE ARAPAHOES.

INDIAN CHIEFS NOW VISITING THE EASTERN STATES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GURNEY.—SEE PAGE 235.



Selo, at St. Petersburg, much as we hear of it as an imperial resort, contains only 350 acres—less than half the area of our Central Park—or only about one-eighth of the extent of the Philadelphia Fairmount.

In our own country, the most prominent in size, after Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, Boston and Providence (the two last-named having each a mile square in their great promenades), are Druid-Hill, 550 acres, and Patterson's Park, of 135 acres, both in Baltimore; Cincinnati Park, of about 160 acres; St. Louis, in its several small Parks, a total of about 300 acres. Several magnificent Parks are now "in preparation"—of which Chicago, by accounts, will have one of the most prominent—somewhat commensurate with the present dimensions and "great expectations" of that flourishing city. Many other cities and towns, in all parts of the Union, are also arranging for rural embellishment, to an extent indicative of the widespread effect of the example furnished by the New York Central Park—the pioneer in that sort of embellishment on this Continent.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JUNE 24, 1871.

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One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00  
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#### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

As it is the original first-established journal of its kind in the country, has been enabled to use that priority in such a way as to maintain its own supremacy. Older by a considerable time than any of its contemporaries, it continues first, in all the qualities proper to such a publication. A moment's comparison of one of its weekly issues with that of any illustrated American newspaper will reveal its immeasurable advantage. The matters of news selected by it for illustration are invariably presented a long time in advance of their appearance elsewhere, and are much more accurately and artistically portrayed; while in their copiousness and variety it excels its contemporaries beyond all possibility of comparison. It is in fact the only paper of its kind in the country depending upon its own personnel for its representations, instead of upon foreign draughtsmen and engravers. Its immense array of artists and its system of ambulant photographers, added to the activity and prescience of its management, partly explain this evident superiority. Compliments unnecessary to publish here, received from the highest and most intelligent authorities in the world, give evidence of its place in art-literature. No other establishment anywhere is able, from its own resources alone, to prepare pictures combining artistic beauty with photographic minuteness, such as are constantly given in this paper. This supremacy will be maintained and these ingenious methods further developed in the numbers now to come.

#### AUSPICIOUS SIGNS IN GERMANY.

The well-balanced popular spirit shown in elections for the new German Reichstag, or Parliament, to which we referred at the time, is significantly illustrated by the conduct of that body. Croakers, who predicted that military success would be followed by monarchical infractions on popular rights, now find themselves decidedly mistaken.

One of the strongest signs of the times, in these respects, is the fact that the glitter of warlike glory failed to blind the popular masses in discharging their duty at the polls.

Even the great war-chief Von Moltke, all-conquering in the field, was defeated as a candidate for the Imperial Parliament—his admir-

ing countrymen, while crowning him with laurel for his soldierly achievements, preferring a civilian whose political views are more in unison with the reforming spirit of the age.

The popular branch of the Parliament—and it is truly a "popular" assemblage, from the fact that its members are chosen by universal suffrage—has firmly refused to grant to the Imperial Government unrestricted financial power in reorganizing Alsace and Lorraine, and has acted with similar circumspection in several other important matters—while freely conceding all the military facilities requisite for establishing German ascendancy in those provinces and elsewhere.

Such facts, in such times, while the turmoil of battle has hardly subsided, speaks well for the spirit of the people in the newly-organized Empire.

Among the Germans, as among ourselves during our civil war—and among outside observers also—it was often said by the croakers that the warlike spirit so tremendously displayed would prove pernicious to civil government—and that a sort of military despotism was inevitable. The good sense of the German people, however, is quietly vindicating itself against such suspicions and aspersions—much as the loyal-hearted American masses maintained their equanimity after the convulsions that shook our National Union to its foundation.

We notice these right-minded demonstrations in Germany with more than ordinary pleasure. They are, to be sure, only what well-informed people might expect from the prevalent intelligence and orderly character of the Teutonic race: But that they should be so signally displayed while the military spirit is yet rampant, is a comforting proof that, through all their States, the people of Old Fatherland are generally as resolute in asserting their civil rights as they have been in defending and strengthening their nationality.

Again, we say, as we said when noticing the results of elections under the newly-organized Imperial Government—all honor to the Germans for their intelligent action in elections, and for their patriotic course in council, as well as for their sturdy gallantry in repelling foreign assaults on the integrity of their native land. The people everywhere through the world, and not merely the Germans alone, are interested in the great practical lessons which Germany is now teaching in Self-Government—an indispensable guarantee of Popular Rights and well-ordered Political Liberty.

#### CENTRALIZATION.

(It may not be uninteresting to our readers to get a Frenchman's appreciation of existing affairs in France, and his explanation of the anomalies those affairs present.—ED.)

The logic of events enables us to estimate with some precision the Theory of Centralization, considered as one of the principal causes of the prostrate state of France—as the motive of the desertion of the Capital by the Provinces during the late Franco-German War, and as the cause of its isolated state in the late revolutionary movement.

The First Consul and the Revolutionary Assemblies were certainly well inspired in imposing on France a vigorous political and administrative Centralization. That Centralization was quite indispensable to cast the social body of the nation in its new form, to consolidate it, and to fix it in its new laws; to create, in fact, and to maintain, that powerful French unity which is the genius and force of the nation.

The excessive Centralization, now condemned, certainly had its hour of utility, even of necessity; but in what human institution can the absolute and eternal be assured? Feudalism has also been in its time a benefit and a progress; but that which was good yesterday, will it not be an evil and a danger to-morrow? That which is progress to-day, will it not be a hardened routine and an obstacle a hundred years hence? Is this not the history of the world itself? And if you want to know by what sign you can recognize that a social and political system has had its time, it is when that system only reveals itself by its inconveniences and its abuses. When the machine has produced its work, it must be changed. The French Centralization has arrived at that critical end, at that fatal point. After having protected, it oppresses; after having vivified, it paralyzes; after having saved France, it kills her. The past and the present prove it; and perhaps in the future it is to be feared. Each nation must certainly have a head. But if the head is deformed and monstrous, the sign of intelligence becomes the sign of idiocy; and instead of an image of genius, you have an hydrocephalus.

Paris absorbs all the blood, the life, the thought, the activity of France, and only leaves it a geographical skeleton instead of a nation! These are the products of Centralization—a word as barbarous as the thing itself is cruel.

In bygone days, there existed, between the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, a great nation, that lived, thought, and acted, not only by its Capital, but by itself. It had a

head, of course; but it had, also, a heart, muscles, nerves, veins—and there was blood in those veins, and the head lost nothing by it. There was then a France. The Provinces had an existence—no doubt subordinate, but true, active, independent. Each government, each administration, each parliamentary centre, was a brisk intellectual focus! The great provincial institutions, the local liberties, exercised everywhere the minds and strengthened the characters of men.

If the France of former times had been centralized like the present France, the boasted Revolution of '89-'93 would never have taken place, for there would not have been the men to make it. From whence came the prodigious body of intellects all armed, and of heroic hearts, which the great social movement of '89 brought to light? If we bring back to memory the most illustrious names of those days—counselors, orators, soldiers—how many came from Paris? They all sprang from the Provinces—from the fertile soil of France.

But let us take the working of the system during the late Empire.

When a simple Deputy was required to represent a Department, out of, perhaps, six hundred thousand souls, which might compose the population of that Department, one could scarcely—we may as well say, could not—be found. Why? Because, on the soil of France not centralized, men grew; whilst on the soil of centralized France, only functionaries grow.

At the point to which those functions in the administrative and judiciary order are reduced, they are equally deprived of power and prestige; they are not, as in former times, centres of life, emulation, light, civic schools, and manly gymnasiums. They are nothing but inert machinery. And so on for the rest; the municipal institutions but child's play, the provincial assemblies but parliaments of words, the local liberties nothing! Paris was charged to live and to think for the Provinces! Does not Paris deign to throw to them every morning, as in times bygone the Roman Senate to the suburban rabble, food for the day, bread and ballads, "panem et circenses"?

After the past, here is the present. Here is the France of 1871! A nation of forty millions of inhabitants awaiting, each morning, the "mot d'ordre" from Paris, to know if it is day or night, if it ought to laugh or to cry! A great people, formerly the most original, the most witty in the world, repeating, on the same day and at the same hour, in all its drawing-rooms, in the streets of all its towns, the same inept "gaudrille," born on the eve in the maze of the Boulevard! Paris herself, inebriated with her prosperity, congested by her reptile, becomes, in her haughty isolation and her fetish-worship, a heated focus of civilization, corrupt and childish!

Let us hope for France at large that the present state of affairs, which principally arises from that very same Centralization, will change after its hard experience; and that this century will see the end of the Parisian dictation, and the regeneration of the Provincial life. For Centralization, we repeat, which was an excellent remedium, is a detestable regimen. It is a horrible influence of oppression and of tyranny, ready for all hands, handy to all despotisms, and under which France is stifling and decaying.

The Revolution of '89 has overshot its aim, and even has compromised its results. Those who like Liberty, cannot like Centralization. It excludes liberty as completely as night excludes day! France and Liberty will both perish, in some apopleptic convulsion, if all the life of the nation continues to concentrate to the brain; if the grand reform to be made does not produce itself; if a vast system of local franchises, of Provincial institutions, widely independent and conformable to the modern mind, shall not return, and give new blood to the exhausted veins. The task is certainly difficult and complicated; it will require a firm and resolute hand; but the hand that will accomplish it, will have accomplished the most patriotic deed of this century.

The sovereign who will do this will have to meet anger, abuse, and passion; he will be laughed at—he will run many risks. But he will find his recompense when he shall see the whole nation of France, like Lazarus delivered of his bands and shroud, rise and acclaim him.

Does not this sufficiently explain why, during the late Franco-German War, the Capital was almost entirely abandoned by the Provinces? Does it not sufficiently explain the want of harmony that existed in all their acts and movements? Does it not sufficiently explain why, when invoked by the Capital, the Provinces did not reply to the call?

#### BENEVOLENT AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS IN NEW YORK.

##### PART III.

##### THE NEW YORK PORT SOCIETY.

This Society is frequently mistaken for, and confounded with, the American Seaman's Friend Society. The similarity between them

consists in the common character of their labors; the difference is, the field of that labor. The American Seaman's Friend Society's ministrations follow the sailor into his ship and over the world; the New York Port Society limits its offices to the port of New York. It was founded in 1818, and its chapel, reading-room, etc., are situated at the corner of Madison and Catharine Streets.

The estimates made by the Society show that more than one hundred thousand sailors arrive at this port every year, and that they remain here from one week to four weeks. Here, men are the subjects of this Society's care, so far as they can be reached. The Society has a church established at the corner of Madison and Catharine Streets, where regular services are held throughout the year, connected with a Sunday School and Bible Classes for the children of sailors whose home is in New York; and it has established two missions in other parts of the town: one at the corner of Water and Dover Streets, and the other at No. 27 Greenwich Street.

The Treasurer's Report shows that the receipts for the year were sixteen thousand dollars.

The officers are George W. Lane, President; Edward Richardson, D. Jackson Steward, Aaron Belknap, John W. O. Leveridge, Vice-Presidents; William D. Harris, Corresponding Secretary; Samuel N. Stebbins, Recording Secretary; Henry S. Terbell, Treasurer; and eighteen Directors.

##### ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL.

The location of this Hospital is No. 195 West Eleventh Street. It was organized in the latter part of the year 1849, and it was incorporated by the Legislature in January, 1850. Its affairs are conducted by the Sisters of Charity, in whose name it was incorporated. Its chief mission is, the care of the poor who are sick or abandoned; whose wants, whether corporal or spiritual, are specially cared for, whatever their creeds may be; although, primarily, it is a Roman Catholic institution. It has accommodations for one hundred and fifty patients. It has, also, several spacious rooms where ladies or gentlemen, especially strangers, who are overtaken by sickness, can find the conveniences of a home, and the advantage of the best medical and surgical attendance. The revenue arising from the class of patients who can pay for their accommodations is the principal income of the Hospital.

Persons desiring admission must make application at the Hospital, personally, or through a friend.

Patients having means are required to pay four weeks in advance; \$6 per week for males, and \$5 per week for females.

Cases of sudden injury are received at once, and, if necessary, without charge.

No cases of contagious disease are admitted.

Chronic cases will not be retained longer than medical treatment is necessary for their relief; and none are received in the general wards who, from the nature of their disease, would be an occasion of discomfort to the other patients.

A few private rooms are attached to the Hospital where patients, who require special and more expensive accommodations, and are able to pay for the same, are charged at such rates as may be deemed proper under the special circumstances.

The Chief Director is the Very Reverend William Starrs, V. G., and the Medical and Surgical Board is composed of physicians and surgeons of high reputation. The treasurer's Report shows an annual amount of receipts and expenditures of about twenty-five thousand dollars. The Sisters receive no remuneration for their services, and the hospital fund contributes nothing to them beyond their board and lodging.

##### THE GERMAN HOSPITAL.

The Act incorporating this Institution was passed by the Legislature in March, 1866. The corner-stone of the building, which stands at the corner of the Fourth Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street, was laid on the 3d of September, in the same year. The building is of brick. It is one hundred and sixty-seven feet long by about forty-five deep, and four stories high, including the basement. The wards will accommodate about eighty patients, none of whom can, at present, be received gratuitously, on account of the financial state of the Institution; yet all are received at a very moderate price.

The officers are, C. Godfrey Gunther, President; Peter Möller, Vice-President; Augustus Weissman, Treasurer; Willy Wallach, Secretary; and fifteen other Trustees, three of whom are appointed by the College of Physicians.

##### THE NEW YORK EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY.

"History repeats itself" in the affairs of institutions, as well as of nations. The record of the origin of any of the New York Benevolent Societies is, substantially, the record of all. Each owes its existence to the benevolence, enterprise, and energy of one or two persons who commence their labors under discouraging circumstances.

The primary movers in the Eye and Ear Infirmary were two young physicians, Doctors



Edward Delafield and J. Kearny Rodgers, who, in the year 1816, took the first step in organizing what afterward became a permanent and invaluable addition to the city hospitals. Its patients are all treated gratuitously.

The building is a substantial and handsomely designed brown-stone front edifice, situated at the corner of the Second Avenue and Thirtieth Street. It is about forty feet front, by seventy deep; and, including the attic, is four stories in height.

The last annual Report shows that there have been treated within the year:

Patients with diseases of Eye.....	7,081
Patients with diseases of Ear.....	1,516
Patients previously to last year.....	8,597
Patients since founding of Infirmary...	129,306
Patients since founding of Infirmary...	137,908

The income for the last year is thus reported:

Interest on Bonds and Mortgages....	\$7,089.89
Interest on Railroad Bonds.....	1,429.50
Interest on Brooklyn Bonds.....	120.00
Rent of Building 67 Mercer Street..	2,825.00
Donations from Patients.....	46.91
Donations from the State.....	1,000.00
	\$12,105.30

The Board of Directors consists of twenty-one gentlemen, of whom Royal Phelps is President; Benjamin H. Field, First Vice-President; Edward Delafield, Second Vice-President; Clinton Gilbert, Treasurer; and Charles M. Allen, Secretary. The Consulting Surgeons: George Wilkes and Abraham Du Bois.

#### THE NEW YORK OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL.

The frame building at the corner of the Fourth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street has, for many years, been occupied by this institution, where large numbers of the poor have found kind and skillful treatment of the eyes, free of charge. The treatment is on the homeopathic plan. The number of patients annually relieved is about twelve hundred, and they are all "outside" patients, none being accommodated on the premises with board or lodging.

The Board of Directors entertain the hope of being able to obtain from the State and city, and from individual liberality, the means of removing from their present circumscribed quarters, and of obtaining a building adapted to their capacity for usefulness. Several thousands of dollars have already been pledged to the enterprise, and the Board have reason to expect a realization of their project.

The medical staff consists of four Attending and four Consulting Surgeons. There are seventeen Directors, of whom John M. Seaman is President; Thomas C. Smith, Vice-President; Cornelius C. Corson, Treasurer; and Amos M. Chace, Jr., Secretary.

#### THE NEW YORK OPHTHALMIC AND AURAL INSTITUTE.

This is one of the most recently founded of the charitable hospitals; it was organized in 1869; but its first annual Report shows that its efficiency is not restricted by its infancy.

The institution is located at No. 46 East Twelfth Street. Within the year, one hundred and forty-three persons were treated as resident patients, a number of whom belonged to the wealthy class, while the majority were people of moderate means, and some were indigent and friendless. In the Dispensary, nearly two thousand outside applicants were treated, about three-quarters of whom had diseases of the eye, and the remainder, of the ear. The daily attendance of patients is between fifty and a hundred.

Frederick S. Winston is the President, and the Trustees are, Professor Joy, Bernard Roelker and Frederick Ottendorfer.

Within the year, the Institute has received from the State one thousand dollars, and the same amount from the Common Council.

#### MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL.

As the name of this institution indicates, it is under the special charge and patronage of the Jewish citizens, though its charities are not limited to that denomination. It is a four-story house, about forty feet front, situated at No. 232 West Twenty-eighth Street; and, at the time of its erection, that was a very eligible location for its purposes. But its surroundings have changed since that time, and the Directors have leased from the city, at a nominal rent, a plot of ground on Lexington Avenue, between Sixty-fifth and Sixty-sixth Streets, where they propose to erect a new Hospital, at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The corner-stone of this new Hospital was laid, with appropriate ceremonies, by Mayor Hall, on the 25th of May, 1870. The Hospital will consist of a main administration building, with a connecting wing on either side, joined to the main building by open corridors. The front, on Lexington Avenue, will be two hundred feet; and each wing will extend back one hundred and forty feet. The wings will be four stories, and the main building five stories in height—the latter to be crowned by a large dome. The whole will be of the Elizabethan style of architecture, constructed of fine Philadelphia brick, with white marble trimmings.

The present Hospital will accommodate about

eighty patients. The Superintendent has orders from the Directors to admit all sick persons, unless the patients have infectious or incurable diseases. In the month of September, 1867, twenty-one persons, who were victims of street accidents, were brought into the Hospital by the police; and they were all admitted and treated without any charge. There is a ward for lying-in women, devoted to poor and destitute applicants. The Directors provide clothing for patients who are unable to pay for it. The institution has received its *pro rata* amount from the State fund, but it has had no pecuniary assistance from the city. The Jewish community are its chief supporters. The present number of its admitted and out-door patients is about one thousand annually.

The Board of Directors consists of twelve gentlemen, of whom Emanuel B. Hart is President; Samuel A. Lewis, Vice-President; Joseph Fatman, Treasurer; and John M. Lawrence, Secretary.

#### THE NEW YORK INFIRMARY FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

In December, 1853, an institution was organized to afford poor women an opportunity of consulting physicians of their own sex; to assist educated women in the study of medicine, practically; and to form a school for instruction in nursing and the laws of health. The attending physicians, who have charge of this institution, are Doctors Elizabeth Blackwell, Emily Blackwell, Lucy M. Abbott, and F. E. Porter. Their services are rendered—

First, By a free Dispensary. This is open to all women and children who apply in the regular hours, and they are furnished with medicine and advice gratuitously.

Secondly, By visiting the sick at their own homes. This department is under the charge of one of the Assistant Physicians, who reports any case of serious disease to her official superior.

Thirdly, By receiving into the Infirmary, so far as its means and accommodations will permit, such persons as require continuous treatment and support.

The institution formerly occupied one house, No. 128 Second Avenue; but a liberal donation by the city, in 1869, of ten thousand dollars, enabled the managers to pay a mortgage on that building, and to lease, for a term of years, the adjoining house, No. 130 Second Avenue. The efficiency of the Infirmary is greatly increased by this addition to its accommodations.

The number of patients treated during the last year was six thousand four hundred and thirteen, of whom one hundred and sixteen were received into the houses; five hundred and sixty-nine were treated at their own homes; and five thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight at the Dispensary. The two latter classes were treated without charge.

Apartments have been fitted up for the use of the students, which are denominated the College of the Infirmary. The present number of students is twenty-two, whose instruction is facilitated and expedited by their witnessing the practice of the institution.

The income of the Infirmary for the last year was:

Annual subscriptions.....	\$577.00
Special donations.....	2,173.00
Received from paying patients.....	402.80
State appropriation for Dispensary..	500.00
State appropriation for Hospital.....	608.50
	\$4,261.30

The Board of Trustees consists of twenty-two ladies and twenty gentlemen, of whom Samuel Willets is President; William H. Fogg, Vice-President; Robert Haydock, Treasurer; and Mahlon Sands, Secretary.

#### THE ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL.

The St. Francis Hospital is established in three four-story brick houses, Nos. 605 and 607 Fifth Street, and the house in Sixth Street, connecting with them in the rear. It is under the charge of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis. Its object is the gratuitous care of the sick, infirm, and aged poor, without distinction of nationality or creed. It derives its support from private contributions solicited by the Sisters, and from donations from the State and city.

The Hospital has accommodations for ninety-five patients, who are under the care of the Visiting Physician and Surgeon. All the subordinate services of the institution are rendered by the Sisters. This institution does not publish Annual Reports, but its officers are always ready to give any information which visitors may desire to obtain.

#### THE FLORAL MONTH.

MAY is the month in which floral festivals are held in England and France, where lads and lasses ramble through the fields and forests in search of flowers to adorn the May-pole, and crown the most beautiful as the Queen of May, on the first day of the month, and then dance around her, and enjoy that happy day; while the baskets or bouquets of flowers are strewn over the ground, or, perchance, among the flowing tresses of some fair maiden, placed there by the hand of the favored one.

But in this country we cannot claim May as the month of flowers, except it be the latter part of it, and even then we are mostly con-

fined to dandelions and buttercups, and occasionally a May-apple. The buds of the wild-rose just begin to disclose the outside of its blushing petals, and give promise of the beauty of the opening flower. In some sheltered nook a few of them, in company with the wild-pink, have developed their petals, and furnish the seeker with the prominent flower in a nosegay, or to be fastened in a button-hole on the breast.

The month began with the thermometer at 55°, which is quite a respectable figure for the 1st. It varied both up and down from that, till, on the 14th, it dropped down to 44°, its lowest point. It then rose and kept above 50° for the remainder of the month, attaining to 89°, its highest point, on the 30th, at 2 P.M. At the close of the month it was at 72° at 9 P.M.

The 30th was the warmest day, the average being 81.83°, and it was also the warmest for ten years; the month of May, 1864, was nearest to it, but was more than 3° cooler. The mean for the month was 61.84°, a little less than May, 1870, but more than in 1861, '62, '66, '67, '68 or '69.

The last two weeks of the month being so warm and dry, caused the flowers to open rapidly, so that the splendid bridal parties that occurred were furnished with an abundance of flowers.

The pressure of the atmosphere was least on the 6th, when it was 29.523 inches; and greatest on the 25th, being 30.234 inches, a range of 0.711 inch. The mean pressure for the month was 29.863 inches; while the humidity was a little less than half saturation, 47.7°.

Rain fell on eight days only, on the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, to the depth of 3.55 inches; on the 16th and 17th, 0.25 inch; and on the 31st, when 1.1 inch fell in about four hours, making in all 4.9 inches of water from the clouds. In the long intervals between the 7th and 16th, and between the 17th and 31st, the earth became very dry, and vegetation suffered greatly; and during the latter period, the forests in Orange, Sullivan and Rockland Counties were ravaged by fire, which caused the atmosphere of our city to be filled with smoke, so that the sun appeared of a red, fiery hue much of the time. Immense damage was done in the counties named, but the copious rain of the 31st quenched the flames.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Paris.—Fall of the Column Vendôme—Common Ditch at the Cemetery of Père la Chaise—Crossing a Street under Fire—Concert in the Tuilleries.

The fall of the Column Vendôme has been represented by us in another part of this paper. Our small cut gives a view of the overthrown giant lying on the bed of manure, which, as an additional and gratuitous insult, was prepared for its reception.

We publish a sketch of the Fosse Commune in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, which is one of the most striking features of Paris. The Fosse Commune is the pauper's grave, and exists in every cemetery. It is a long, gaping ditch, thirty or forty feet in length, and is gradually filled up at one end. In ordinary times, it remains open for some months, but, as it served for the resting-place of the defenders of the Commune during the insurrection, it has not had to wait long for occupants. Here the unfortunate relations came to seek, and to recognize, a father, a brother, or a son. National Guards kept order round the grave, and only allowed those persons who could give satisfactory reasons to descend.

The first or German bombardment was but a trifling matter compared to the second storm of fire, what we Americans would call a "one-horse affair," but it was a novelty; people's nerves were not used to the screaming and crashing of shells, and the terror of the first was very likely greater than that of the second bombardment. Here is a graphic sketch, showing what a nice matter of calculation it had become to get across the way. The sudden screech which we read of must have turned many a venturesome wayfarer back just as he had stepped into the road to make his rush across. As he shrinks behind the protecting corner, the noise comes nearer and nearer, there is a crash, a bang! and a large hole is scooped out of the roadway. "Now run!" says some one; and he runs, crossing between the shells as we see men thread their way among a rack of carts and omnibuses.

The Tuilleries Palace was used by the Communists to signalize their command of places formerly reserved for the Imperial privacy. Under a Republican régime, of course, the grandest chambers and stately apartments were to be the rendezvous of the sovereign People. The Salle des Marseaux, for example, in the Tuilleries, was used more than once for public concerts, the benefit going to the wounded. The success, by-the-by, of theatrical affairs during the Communist rule, is not the least remarkable contribution afforded by these sad times to our knowledge of the Gallic character. Never, in the gayest day of the Empire, were the theatres more welcome as a relaxation than now to the overtaxed minds of the Parisian populace.

England.—Children Working in the Brickyards—The Match-Makers of London.

At a Social Science Congress in England last year, Mr. George Smith exhibited a lump of clay weighing forty-three pounds, which had been taken off the head of a child nine years of age, who daily had to walk a distance of twelve and a half miles, half that distance being traversed while carrying the heavy burden. Some idea of the manner in which the poor little children of the brickyards to be found in the midland counties of England are worked, may be formed from the accompanying illustration, which represents children of both sexes engaged in carrying lumps of tempered or "pugged" clay, used in making bricks, to the brickmakers. The children are usually wretchedly clad, sometimes almost naked, their hair being matted with wet clay. At the end of the day's labor they appear completely exhausted. It is evident that England still retains some atrocious vestiges of the tyrannous child labor of other times, which the Factory Act has been unable to reach.

The English Government having receded from its notion of taxing matches, the manufacture goes on in the same style as heretofore; we show a room in a domestic match-factory in the East End of London.

The history of Mr. Lowe's recent attempt to increase the British revenue by levying a tax on matches contains a valuable lesson to our statesmen, if they are willing to profit by it. The lesson is this: "Do not trust to blue-books, and statistical tables, and other people's reports; but before you recommend a change which may possibly paralyze extensive industries, go and see those industries at work with your own eyes." Our engraving is as good as a visit. The making of cheap matches occupies, in London, both the skill of large manufacturers and the industry of poor families, many of which latter subsist entirely by the process. The London cellars in which the vile sulphur matches are made domestically, are necessarily most unwholesome. The continued handling and exposure of phosphorus and brimstone poisons the close air; but the hardest part of the labor is considered to be the cutting and pasting of the sandpaper upon the boxes, which soon wears the skin off the hands of the poor child engaged in that department. Division of labor is pretty well understood in these amateur factories; and the product, by close industry and family co-operation, is turned out with neatness and dispatch.

#### New Naval Dry Dock at Malta.

One of the most important works of its kind executed for the British Government has recently been completed and opened with great success at Malta. During many years past great inconvenience has been felt because of there being no dry-dock accommodation in the Mediterranean, where the largest class of men-of-war might be docked and repaired. The application of the screw-propeller to men-of-war of every description renders such accommodation most necessary. The new dock at Malta will be called the "Somerset Dock." It is the largest naval dry-dock in the world, being seven feet deeper than the largest at Portsmouth. Its principal dimensions are as follows: Depth of entrance and on floor, 34 feet; width between the copings, 104 feet; length on the floor, 430 feet; width of entrance, 80 feet. This dock has been about four years in course of construction. The cost appears large (about \$900,000); but it is not really so, considering the very large outlay that was necessary to clear the ground. In fact, the site had to be created by the removal of immense masses of overburden. At the entrance of the dock a crane is fixed, calculated to lift forty tons. The engine-house contains two engines, of 60-horse power each, working three of Gwynne's centrifugal pumps. These discharge three jets, each of which is 36 inches in diameter. It also contains a drainage-engine, of about 30-horse power, to keep the dock dry by means of a powerful hydraulic pump, which also lifts the penstock and sluices. The well (about 50 feet deep below the sea level) is 16 feet in diameter, dug in the solid rock, as well as the tunnel, 6 feet in diameter, connecting the well with the dock. The chamber to receive the caisson had to be built precisely under the salient angle of a bastion 60 feet high. The new dock was opened with great ceremony and rejoicing by the Vice-Admiral Commander-in-Chief, in presence of his Excellency the Governor, and all the civil, naval, and military authorities and principal residents in the island.

#### The Japanese Mint, Osaka.

The recent examination of our system of finance and currency by an accredited representative of the Japanese treasury gives interest to the view we publish of the building which will enshrine the modernized monetary code of that country. The building recently finished, in the city of Osaka, for the Imperial Government of Japan, is now occupied by the Imperial Mint. The first stone of this edifice was laid in January, 1869. The building measures 230 ft. long by 120 ft. wide. It is built of a fine blue-stone. It stands well, facing the Yodo River, on the outskirts of the town of Osaka. It is the first stone building of a public character that has been constructed in Japan. The machinery is capable of making from forty to fifty thousand dollars per mint day of six hours. The new Japanese coins, to replace the present square ones, are to be round, with a Japanese device on each side. They are of the following values: Ten dollars, five dollars, and two dollars in gold, with a silver dollar (the same value as the Mexican), and pieces of fifty cents, twenty cents, ten cents, and five cents in silver, besides pieces of one cent, a half cent, and the tenth part of a cent in copper. Our view shows the Master's house to the left, the Mint in the centre, and the Bullion Office on the right. The architect and engineer handed over the building, in October last year, to Major Kinder, late Master of the Hong-Kong Mint, who has now sole management of this Mint at Osaka, and will be able to supply a trustworthy currency, which is much wanted in Japan.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS NILSSON is at West Point.

MADAME PAREPA returns to this country soon, and will repair at once to her favorite Sharon Springs for a short sojourn.

WAGNER has left Berlin for Bayreuth, where performances of the complete trilogy of the "Ring des Nibelungen" are to take place.

MME. MATHUA-SCHOLLER, the English-speaking German actress, will reappear in this city shortly, she having three new pieces, all of which are pronounced fine.

MISS ROSE HERSEE, the favorite English prima donna, was the attraction at Julien's popular *al fresco* concerts, on Friday last, and very charmingly she sang.

THEODORE THOMAS, and his band of veterans who have marched the country over under his banner, are delighting crowded cognoscenti at Central Park Gardens, nightly.

A MAGNIFICENT portrait of Alberto Lawrence, the distinguished baritone, as *Nelusko*, is on view at T. Hall & Son's music store, Broadway, opposite Astor Place.

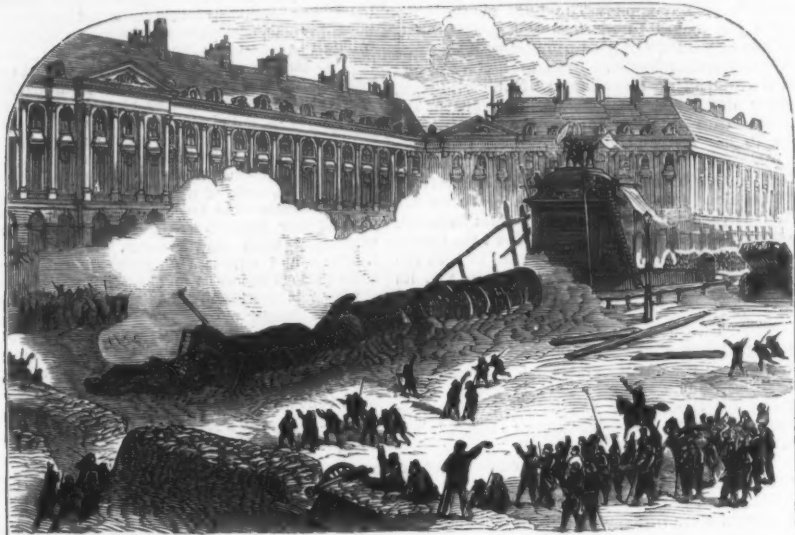
BOGOTA, the metropolis of New Granada, far in the interior of Colombia, has the benefit of an Italian opera, under the direction of Signora Thiolier. The season began with the "Barbieri."

M. STRAKOSCH has engaged for the Nilsson opera season of next year the celebrated tenor Capoul, of the Theatre Lyrique in Paris. The engagement of the basso Jamet, as also of Brignoli and Miss Cary, has already been announced.

MRS. CONWAY, the favorite of Brooklyn, took a benefit at the Academy, in that city, on Wednesday last, when hosts of enthusiastic friends and admirers thronged the building to witness the fine performances of "The Honeymoon" and "Rob Roy." Mrs. Conway was assisted by her daughter, Miss Minnie, Miss Louise Hawthorne, Mr. Arthur Mathison (who played *Francis Osbaldistone*), Mr. John Clarke, the celebrated actor E. L. Davenport, and, though least in her esteem, her very noble and approved good husband.



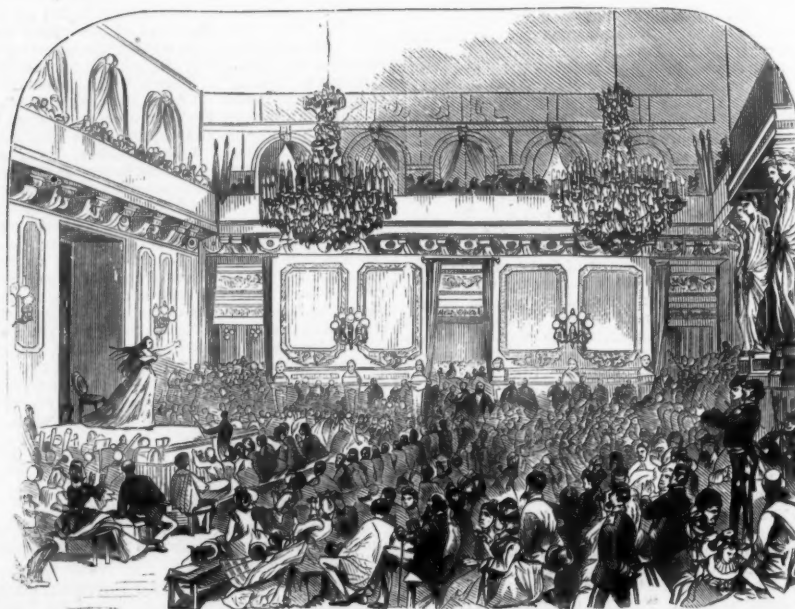
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



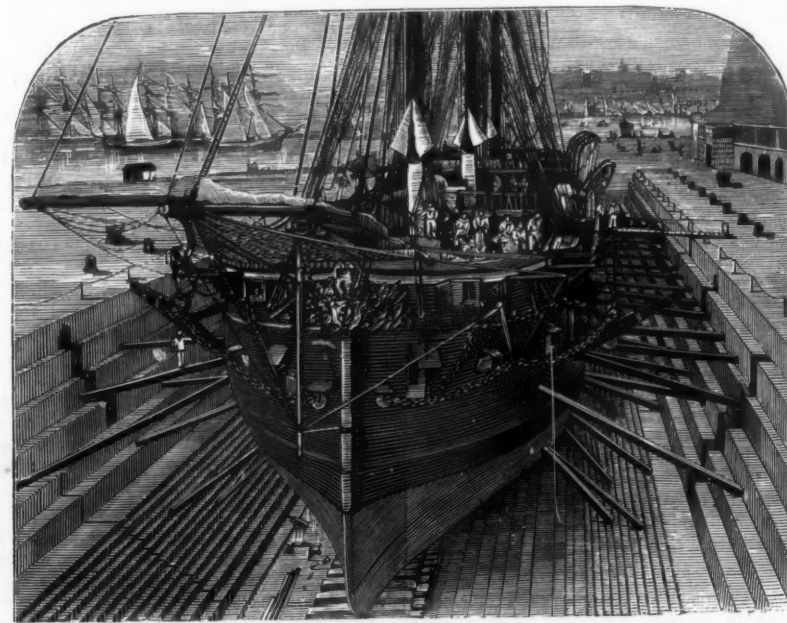
PARIS UNDER COMMUNIST RULE.—THE COLUMN VENDÔME AFTER ITS FALL.



ENGLAND.—CHILDREN ENGAGED IN CARRYING CLAY FOR THE BRICKMAKERS.

PARIS.—BURIAL OF THE COMMUNIST DEAD IN THE COMMON DITCH IN PERE LA CHAISE ;  
RECOGNITION OF THE BODIES.ENGLAND.—A POOR FAMILY MANUFACTURING MATCHES IN A CELLAR IN THE EAST END OF  
LONDON.

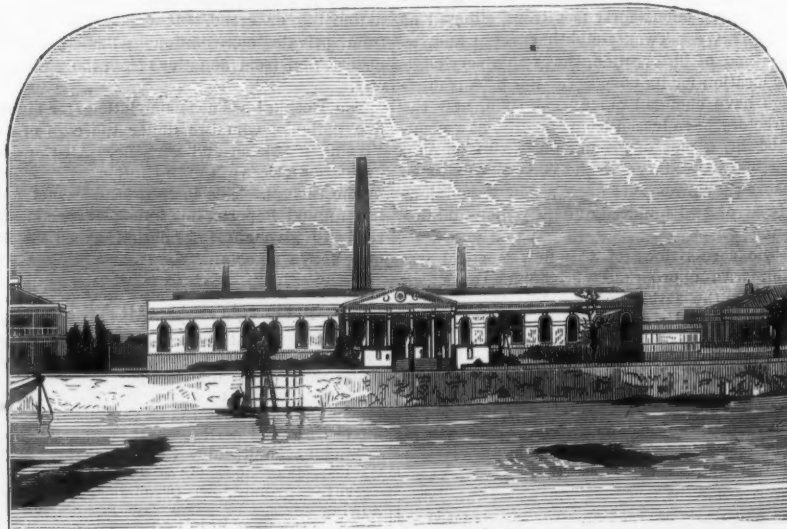
PARIS UNDER COMMUNIST RULE.—CONCERT IN THE HALL OF THE MARSHALS, TUILERIES PALACE.



ISLAND OF MALTA.—THE NEW NAVAL DRY DOCK.



THE FRENCH BOMBARDMENT OF PARIS.—CROSSING A STREET UNDER FIRE.



JAPAN.—NEW BUILDINGS FOR THE JAPANESE MINT AT OSAKA.





NEW YORK CITY.—EMBARKATION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, ON BOARD THE STEAMER "OCEANIC," JUNE 3D.

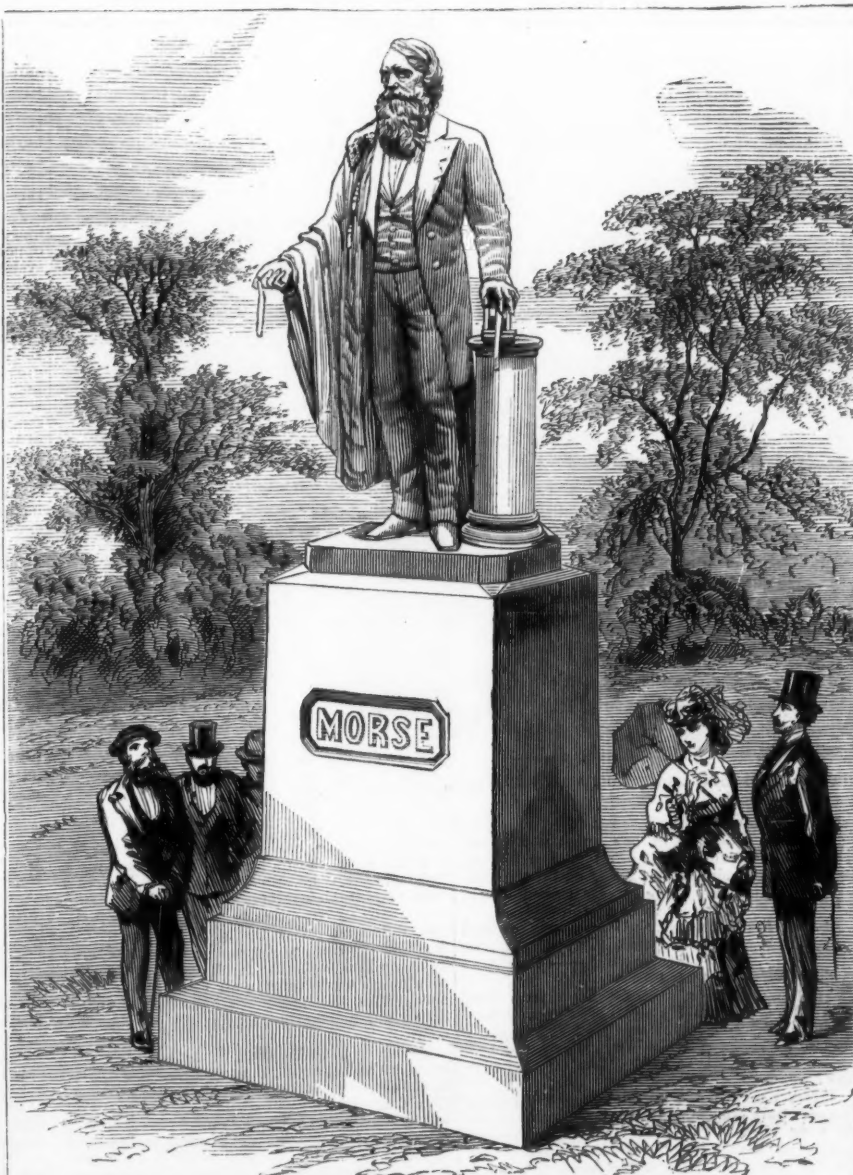
## PENNSYLVANIA TEMPLARS.

At the last convocation of the Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania, Sir E. M. Jenkins, of Alleghany Commandery, conceived a Templar Crusade—not of war, but of peace—to Europe; and it was arranged that a number of Knights, as members of Alleghany Commandery, No. 35, of Pennsylvania, should visit the principal cities of Europe. The proposal was cordially seconded by the Craft in Europe; and the preliminaries having been completed, the travelling Knights started from Alleghany City on Wednesday evening.

After being joined by reinforcements in Philadelphia, where they were sumptuously entertained, and in Camden, the Knights proceeded to New York, arriving on June 2d. On the same afternoon they made an imposing parade up Broadway, being about 1,000 strong. Next day they embarked on board the *Oceanic* for their foreign tour. Their pilgrimage will extend over various parts of Europe, and may possibly even include the Holy Land. Among other invitations, they have accepted one from the Earl of Shrewsbury, to visit his magnificent seat of Alton Towers, near Cheshire, Staffordshire, England. Their reception everywhere has been full of warmth and welcome, and they carry with them an especially agreeable souvenir of the attention and cordiality shown them in the city of New York. Our illustration shows the scene of their embarkation on board the *Oceanic*, which is seen in the distance through the opening in the covered dock. Morton Commandery, No. 4, of New York, are shown drawn up in line, with "swords at present;" and the Pennsylvania Knights, with their own swords drawn and lowered before them, are passing toward the vessel. A right jolly crusade is, doubtless, before the brave travelers.

## THE MORSE STATUE.

CENTRAL PARK, New York, has been selected for the site of the long contemplated monument to Professor Morse. On Saturday, June 10th, the statue by Pickett, having been erected in proper position, was unveiled before an immense assemblage, in which the telegraphy of this country and of Europe was largely represented. The exercises were in the afternoon; Governor Hoffman presided. In the oratorical efforts which followed the unveiling of the statue, the claims of the American inventor and the history of the telegraph were very fully dilated on. In the evening an interesting public reception to Professor Morse was held at the Academy of Music, during which the veteran telegrapher sent a message of acknowledgment and congratulation to all telegraph stations in North America. Local



NEW YORK CITY.—STATUE OF PROF. MORSE, BY PICKETT, UNVEILED IN CENTRAL PARK, JUNE 10TH.

wires have been connected with the main lines from the Academy of Music, and the dispatch was telegraphed direct and instantaneously to all points.

Each word of the message reached Portland, Oregon, Galveston, Texas, and all intermediate points, instantaneously, without the difference of a second of time. The body of the message was transmitted by a young lady operator, and Professor Morse personally transmitted the characters representing his signature.

In the Middle Ages such a feat would have earned its perpetrator the reputation of a wizard and the reward of death. In our happier time, a man who benefits his race is not necessarily denounced—may even live to see the difficulties of his early life overcome by the triumphs of his prime, and to face his own fame and immortality, done into enduring bronze.

## THE PARIS ICONOCLASTS.

SALA, in his Paris correspondence of May 23d, describes the insulting occupation by Communists of the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires. He continues:

"Ascension Day, I need hardly say, is one of the great religious festivals in this city; and so, early on Thursday, a large number of women of all classes, dressed in the deepest mourning, appeared at the gates of this church and demanded admittance. They were told that there were no longer religion, or churches, or 'Our Ladies,' so they had better go home quietly. Then ensued a regular religious row, and one lady struck a National in the eye. The more serious, however, retired to the corner of the Rue des Victoires, and knelt by the side-rails in the street. No sooner was this seen than a more than usually ruffianly National called from the mob ten of the dirtiest boys he could find, and caused them to kneel in front of the great entrance; then he re-entered the sacred edifice, and returning in a few seconds, told them literally to shut their eyes, open their mouths, and see what 'Our Lady' would send them. A perfect thrill of horror ran through the square, peopled though it was by the worst class in Paris, when they saw the ruffian put into each gaping mouth—the consecrated wafer! The crowd was silent, and the kneeling women wept. Not content with this, the 'Nationals' then rushed in, got some hundreds of these wafers, and threw them among the mob as for a scramble. The pious worshippers tried to buy them up for all the 'souls' they had with them; in an instant three hundred gamins were round them, trying to sell the 'Host,' while the officers and gentlemen of the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Battalion stood by, highly amused at the disgraceful scene."



## JOHN JASPER'S SECRET.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF CERTAIN EVENTS FOLLOWING AND EXPLAINING

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

## CHAPTER XI.—(continued).

"Mind? no, aunty, not in the least. Name is Joe Giffert, with people who care anything for me: Joseph, with some who don't mind wasting breath. Places where I live—two of them—here in London, Tottenham Court Road; and in the East Indies."

"In the East Indies! Bless ye, deary—that's where the stuff for the mixer grows, isn't it? And maybe ye know something about it, though ye're so young and so handsome. Is that what you come for, deary—a little smoke? Have they been bad to ye, so young, and do ye have the all-overs? If ye have, this is the place to cure 'em, and ye did right to come to the old woman. Jack Chinaman, over the way—he makes believe and don't do no good when ye're sufferin', 'cause he doesn't know how to mix it! Do ye want a little smoke, deary?—and have ye money for the poor old soul?—for the market price is dreeffle high, and ye must pay according!"

It seems incredible how many words the old woman manages to utter, in a given space of time, between the rattling coughs that seem shaking her miserable frame to pieces; and the mingled glare of curiosity, admiration, and cupid-ity, in her blurred and sudden eyes, is one of the most instructive and melancholy of spectacles, to at least one observer.

"No, I do not wish for any 'little smoke,' aunty—not just now, at any rate," says the visitor, when she has ceased, from pure exhaustion and coughing. "Sit down again: it is easier for you, and let me sit on the side of the bed, here," half-pushing the uncouthly hostess down into her chair, and suiting the other action to the word, with a shudder of disgust that there is no fear of the other recognising.

"No—I have some other business with you, aunty, that'll do you much more good."

"There isn't no good for the poor old soul with the bad lungs, and rent so dreeffle high up here, but money, deary!" She whines, picking up the pipe that has been temporarily laid down, and fumblingly lighting it from the brazier within reach, to the filling of the room with a pungent, sickly odour.

"But listen to me, aunty. I have money, and you are to get it if you do as I wish," says Joe Giffert, from the side of the bed.

"Oh, bless ye, deary, for sayin' so; for trade is so dull, and the market price is so high!" comes the whine, mingled with coughing and attempts at the pipe.

"Money? Yes. See here—and all for you, for a very little trouble." And with the words, the handsome boy thrusts one of the small hands into his pocket, and withdraws it with a sovereign glittering in the palm. In an instant the old face of the woman is demoniac with greed, and she makes a clutch at the coin, as marked, and forcible as if she had thirty years less of wasting vice resting on her head.

"Ah! no—don't try that, aunty!" exclaims the handsome boy, dropping the coin back into his pocket, and in the very next instant showing the short hilt and glittering blade of a poniard, which he half-draws from its concealment within his vest. "See, I do not mean this for you, especially, but for any one who lays hand on me or what I carry."

other—a well-looking dark man, with fine hair and whiskers—who comes here, sometimes, for a 'little smoke,' as you call it?"

Instantly the thought flashes across the suspicious mind of the old woman. "Crime—a man after him—punishment—dragging up for participation or knowledge!" and the conjunction shows in the wild terror of the eyes, that age has by no means robbed of all expression,—as she coughs hurriedly:

"No, deary, no; ye're in the wrong place. It must be Jack Chinaman's, over the way, that he goes to. Not here, deary!"

"Oh, then of course I must take my money to Jack Chinaman, over the way. Sorry!" This remark of Joe Giffert's is made in the most matter-of-fact manner imaginable. Indeed he could not be more at his ease, if he was a detective of the keenest scent, worming out by non-chalance some secret destined to cost a life.

"Oh, no, deary—oh, no, ye wouldn't do that with the poor old soul, and her lungs so weak and she so dreeffle low!" whines and rattles the crone, with a pitiful rubbing of the hands, that is half-wringing them. "The money for me, deary, for tellin' ye where to find him. John Chinaman—he is rich, along of mixin' so much of it, and so bad; and he don't need it, like the poor old soul."

"Stop, aunty!" says the handsome boy, very sternly. "We have had enough of this, and we will not have any more. I know that John Jasper comes here: I have had him tracked to this door!"

"O me, my lungs is ribbons and strings!" she coughs, as the only comment on this threatening announcement, which corroborates her worst fears and yet leaves her defenceless.

"Yes, no falsehoods, for they will do no good," Joe Giffert proceeds. "You have no reason to suppose that I wish to hurt him; and I give you my word that I do not wish to hurt you. But he has a secret; and I want it, from his own lips. Only help me to get that, and you have the money!"

Joy, surprise, and a certain terror, all seem to commingle in the wretched face, as the old woman manages to straighten herself from the chair with sudden vigour.

"A secret, deary? and you want to make him talk, when he has the 'smoke' on him! Only that, deary? But ye can't do it! Oh, if ye only could! The old woman has tried it, more'n twice or three times, and he won't say a word that does any good. No, deary, ye're very handsome, but ye can't make him talk!"

"Do not be too sure," the handsome boy replies, as the old woman settles back into her chair and coughs with renewed rattle. "You do not have the right mixture. I do!"

"Ye, deary?—and ye are so young and handsome? No—there's nobody has the true secret of mixin' it, like the old woman. Ye can't do it, deary! Oh, if ye only could!"

"Did I not tell you that I lived a part of the time in the East Indies, aunty?" Joe Giffert rejoins, bringing up his reserves. "You do not think that you know, here, all that we know, do you? What I want of you, to earn the money, is that you will inform me when this man comes next, and allow me to give him his 'little smoke'—that is all."

The calculation is not misplaced. The mention again of the "East Indies" brings up in the mind of the naturally superstitious associate of criminals and outcasts, a little of that awe with which the Orient is always associated in the thoughts of the vulgar; and thenceforth her visitor has her at advantage. She only puts in,

by any boy that you can pick up in the court, to Mr. Tartar—you can read the name on it? Yes? Well—to Mr. Tartar, at Staple Inn. Tell him to hurry, and there will be half-a-crown for him. Mark as many strokes on the back of the card as will tell at what hour he is to come, in the evening. Say nothing to make him understand that his 'little smoke' will be different to what you have given him before. Half an hour before the time named on the card, I will be here."

"And then, deary? What then?"

"Then, while we are waiting, I will prepare his pipe. Leave all to me. But time enough for all that, then. Do you understand me?"

"Yes! O me, my lungs is so dreeffle bad! But are ye sure, deary, that yer not goin' to pison him and leave his dead body to hang the poor old soul? Think of that deary!—ye're not goin' to pison him, are ye?"

"No—on my honour. But perhaps you will not believe in that. I swear to you, then, that what I do shall not affect his life. Besides, if I wished to kill him, why could I not do it somewhere else as well as here?"

"So ye could, deary,—so ye could. And ye'll give me the money, sure, then?—the whole piece that ye had in yer handsome hand? Swear to that, too, deary."

"I will do nothing of the sort!" replies Joe Giffert, with an indignant gesture making the old woman sink back into her chair and resume coughing to the verge of strangling. "I promise you—that is enough. Stop—I will give you something on account, now; and the sovereign shall all come to you, besides, when you have done what I require."

"O, bless ye, deary!—how handsome ye are, and how good ye are to the poor old soul!" coughs and sputters the crone, as the visitor hands her two half-crowns that make a pleasant jingle to her greedy ears when they fall into her clutching palm. "And ye are sure, deary, that ye can make him talk? Oh, if ye only can!"

Joe Giffert, as may be imagined, has enjoyed nearly enough of the atmosphere of the miserable apartment, in which the dead fumes of opium combine with the rankness of foul clothes to revolt the senses. And, the arrangement as definitely made as he has power to make it with such a personality on the other side of the contract, he merely repeats instructions on two or three of the more important points; says a good night, which meets with the coughing whine: "Bless ye, deary!—and ye so handsome!" leaves the old woman in her chair, with the short candle burning low in its socket; and gropes his way again down the dangerous stairways, to find at the door Mr. Tartar, who has tumbled overboard from the yard-arm, or descended the back-stay head foremost, at precisely the right moment.

"I said that I wouldn't miss ye, deary!" the old woman coughingly and rattlingly apostrophizes some unseen being, rubbing her withered hands, and chuckling hoarsely, when she is alone. "Ye said 'unintelligible,' and so ye was, like the rest of 'em, them. But he is from the Injees, deary, and he will make ye talk! Maybe ye'll say something for the poor old soul that'll be larnin' a new art o' mixin' it at the same time; and not all for him! And then the old woman'll know whether ye've always been John Jasper, or somebody else that she's a bigger account to settle with than ye think, deary!"

## CHAPTER XII.

THE MISSION OF THE STONE-MASON. CLOISTERHAM, OR SO MUCH OF IT AS CARED TO DO



DURDLES ADDRESSING THE HEAD HAVEN GENERALLY.

"O me, to think ye could believe that of the poor old soul, and she admirin' of ye so, deary; and she with her lungs so bad, and her head so weak!" comes the rattling whine of the crone, dropping helplessly back into her chair.

"See—let us quite understand each other, aunty," resumes the visitor, who evidently carries at least two of the metals. "I show you the piece of gold, and tell you that it is for you, if you do what I wish; then I show you this other thing; which is of steel, and very sharp, to inform you that I am not to be robbed. Do you quite take my meaning, think?"

"What is it ye want, deary? Ye that's so handsome and yet so hard with the old woman! I never seed ye afore, and yet I'd do anything in life for ye! Don't keep me waitin'; it makes my lungs worse and worse, and nothin' but rags and strainers."

"There is a man named John Jasper—maybe you know him by that name, or maybe some

now, her stereotype parenthesis of recalling the melancholy condition of her lungs and head; the face, meanwhile, strangely blending the expressions of admiration, fear, and compelled respect, which have successively grown out of the looks, words, and actions of the other.

"Now listen, for my time is nearly up, and you may have other visitors. If you wish this gold, and possibly twice as much—"

"Oh, bless ye, deary!"

"Then remember what I tell you, and obey me. Mr. Jasper, as I know, always comes here in the daytime of late, to arrange for the night—so that he may not have too many companions."

"O, my lungs is so bad! How do ye know, my handsome one?"

"Never mind how I know that, or many other things: only obey my directions, or not a penny in your purse. The very next time that he comes—no matter what day—the moment that he has gone, to come again, send this card,

so, saw, one morning, not many days after the long conference held by Mr. Crisparkle and Durdles over the unfinished and never-to-be-finished bust, a spectacle capable of astonishing that respectable old city, if the faculty of astonishment had not literally gone out of it under the influences of time and change. This was nothing more nor less than the appearance of Stony Durdles in the High Street, proceeding on a journey and bearing all those marks of unaccustomed care and preparation which always do so much towards making the subjects uncomfortable.

To say that Mr. Durdles, bent on an important mission, had arrayed himself in holiday attire, in the sense of putting on other outer raiment than that usually worn—would be to take even worse liberties with the language, than those in which the stone-mason was himself in the habit of playfully indulging. For there is no reason to believe that he kept in useless idleness a part

of the material wealth of England, by possessing garments which he could not wear—*id est*, more than a single suit: all that he could conveniently assume at once, except in Arctic weather. And long use had so accustomed that suit to the dusty grey and grime of the stone-yard, that it would have consented to turn into rags before parting with the colour at any bidding of the severest of brushes.

But there had been certain ameliorations, internal and external. More nearly than at any previous time in popular memory, Durdles had washed himself; and there was a preponderance of limp dirty-white shirt-collar dominating the whole of the garment of which it formed the outward and visible sign, and suggesting that some great occasion had arisen, long waited for by that special shirt, in a state of aristocratic exemption. Of the untidy shoes, naturally nothing could be said, they having long before passed into that state in which Day and Martin would have bankrupted their stock in filling an order to supply them with blacking to the extent of polish; and the hat is equally beyond reach, all the figures of geometry being already represented in its curves and angles, so that the force of ornamentation could literally go no further. The big horn-buttons of the coat may have been rubbed clear of lime, and even polished on the cuff thereof; such things have been, and even Durdles (as witness the shirt) was not entirely proof against the blandishments of the syren Vanity.

What need to say that he bore his bundle? Does the elephant peripatete without his trunk, except under the most extraordinary circumstances of the loss of that convenience at the hands (presumably) of his railway-porters? Does the peacock flaunt without his rainbow of tail, except under deprivation by human peacocks, who believe in the old adage that "fine feathers make fine birds"? No—on the contrary, Durdles, bent upon a tour of marked extent (to London, and return) had evidently laboured under the impression that the metropolis was in a state of starvation, rendering sustenance there unobtainable, or that divers and sundry accidents and detentions were likely to be met with on the road, rendering extensive provisioning as necessary as for a cruise on the African station. So that his bundle, in point of fact, presented even a more notable appearance of extraordinary preparation than himself; and it might have been not difficult to believe that he was accompanying it instead of its accompanying him.

Durdles, embarking, after the long preliminary journey of the Cloisterham people in those days, was a shade difficult, too, with reference to the carriage which he patronised; avoiding two in which the compartments had been (accidentally) cushioned,—with some apparent objection to sitting upon anything less solid and substantial than stone, or its next substitute, wood; or else impressed with the belief that in any of more effeminate construction he might be lulled into slumber, lose his personal luggage, or incapacitate himself for the stern realities of his errand to the metropolis.

His errand—aye, let it not be supposed that the stone-mason was going Londonward without an errand,—indeed, that he was going without some errand of enough importance to be called a mission. What was the errand, no one knew, when he left Cloisterham, except himself—not even Mr. Crisparkle, whom he had admitted, under circumstances easily recalled, to knowledge hidden from all his world besides. That it was not an amiable one, calculated to make the object of his visit materially happier, might be judged from the sullen set of the heavy jaw and the lowering expression of the coarse, beetling brows. It might be benevolent, like most of the pursuits of the Rev. Luke Honeythunder; but if so, it seemed likely to go even beyond the requirements of that forcible person, and to assume not merely the characteristics of the Aggressive but the Violent in Philanthropy.

And it seemed likely—suggestive enough the fact—that Mr. Honeythunder would enjoy the opportunity of comparing notes on the great systems of the Angry in Benevolence; for the course of the Cloisterham stone-mason, on arrival, was threateningly in the direction of that Haven which could not always be certified as one of peace. Dropping overboard, so to speak, from the train which had borne him so far, into the great Sea of London, whereof the ripples were human beings and the larger waves cabs, drays, vans, and 'busses, he rather floundered than swam his way in the direction of the head-office of the United British and Foreign Universal Philanthropists, appropriately situated in a certain quarter within stone's-throw of Leicester Square, where as much philanthropy seemed to be needed as in any other spot of the broad earth, and where the original location had no doubt been made from prudential considerations, looking to the managers being able to show contributing visitors Legitimate Objects from the windows, upon the same wise principle which induces thrifty Life Assurance Companies to choose buildings that give view upon churchyards.

Not a very long journey, or a very difficult search, fortunately; for there was neither much patience nor much skill in the man who was pursuing both. Whelmed and lost, a few times, in the great sea, then fished up by a less than usually gruff passer-by, or a more than ordinarily useful policeman, he floundered and drifted in the right direction; the scowl on the grey brows growing darker, the mouth more set and sullen, and the latent combativeness in the sluggish heart more and more dangerous. And then he stood, at last, at the portal of the Head Haven, which might be considered a mouldy old huge stone pier, thrusting itself out into the sea he had been buffeting, and promising that it would either shelter or crush all craft closely approaching it, as the case might be.

Fresh difficulties began to beset Mr. Durdles, even at the moment when he had floundered alongside this dusky and mouldy stone break-water stretching out into the great dangerous Sea of London. If it was a pier, it may have partaken something the character of those London and Liverpool docks which excite the admiration of the world, not less by their difficulty of admission than their costliness and solidity. They have gates, and they can only be entered at a certain height of tide. Wealth being the tide at the Head Haven, undoubtedly a rated amount was necessary, to float into it; and it may be



said, confidently, that in the Durdles calendar water was invariably low.

To drop the figure, he was not well enough habited, in spite of the distinguished shirt-collar, to indicate to the powers, however subordinate, giving and barring admission to the Haven, that the U.B.F.U.P. would be benefited by his entrance. Most commercial men know, and others than commercial men may form shrewd guesses, of the different eyes with which an evidently intending purchaser may be viewed, at the door of the shop, and one who gives corresponding evidence that he is only prepared to sell, in the small way of a pedlar, or to beg! That Mr. Durdles did not come to the Haven, to announce a munificent bequest, or to bring a heavy donation, was quite evident, even to the bleared eyes of the Underpaid at the door: much more likely that he came on one of those illegitimate and inadmissible demands (those involving the paying out of money in a practical and unostentatious way), which supplied one of the chief sources of torment to the society of many initials.

So when Durdles, unwisely removing his hat even when without the half-opened door, and worse crumpling that head-covering than before, in the effort to make it do duty for fumbling purposes, instead of the horn buttons, momentarily brought back the swimming smile by making a plunge into the very midst of his demands, à la Crisparkle, with:

"Durdles wants to see your big man, Mr. Honeythunder!"

Then the Underpaid, though he may well have recognized the propriety of the description, as applying to the physical size of the person inquired after, may also have been excusable in the superciliousness of the glance with which he first stared at the abrupt applicant, and then looked around for "Durdles," who, spoken of in the third person, might be supposed to be in hiding somewhere behind the heavy door-post. Besides, the Underpaid, habitually bullied within, doubtless understood the necessity, as a sort of mental pabulum correspondent with his daily bread, of bullying all those who looked humble enough for that exercise, without; and so he merely performed a part of his duty (to himself) in the return gruffness of his reply:

"Durdles? Who's Durdles, and where's Durdles?"

To which the stone-mason, giving the hat another crash and indenting into it at once Embarrassment and Ill-Usage:

"Who's Durdles and where's Durdles, stupid? Durdles is here, and isn't ashamed of his name!—leastwise he doesn't know it, if he is!"

Then thus the Underpaid, naturally irritated by the objectionable epithet, but not quite free, as a subaltern, to give his indignation full indulgence:

"Oh, then you are Durdles! Didn't know but it was Mr. Lord Durdles, or Archbishop Durdles, or—"

"In which case," interrupted Durdles, severely, "you would ha' let him in at once, 'stead o' keeping him at the door! I want to see Mr. Honeythunder."

"Oh, you do, do you? Then all I can say is, that you cannot see him. Just go away, my man, and allow me to shut the door."

"Oh, then, that is what you're up to, in this here place with the big name: keepin' people out as has business of importance!" gruffly replied Durdles, making a forcible shove past the doorkeeper, the ponderous bundle doing good service as a forward protrusion, not to call it a battering-ram, and the impetus being such as to carry the stone-mason quite past the Underpaid (who may also have been the Underfed) and to set that person spinning like a teetotum as he whirled against the door and closed it.

By this time Durdles, energetically pursuing his momentary advantage, after the manner of skilful tacticians in offensive warfare, had crossed a gloomy vestibule, penetrated beneath a line of obstructing and otherwise useless columns, and was in the presence of the chief clerical force of the establishment,—still scribbling, folding and directing unlimited thousands of circulars, beneath hazy gas-lights, and with a faithful rapidity which indicated belief that the true mission of Philanthropy was to distribute written and printed papers, and that they were rapidly advancing the Millennium by hastening the day when no human being should be without an Appeal.

To this vantage-ground he was at once pursued by the Underpaid, but too late for any practical result. It is not only "the first step which costs," often, but which gains. Durdles, thus far arrived, and at once flushed with indignation at the attempted exclusion, and with a sense of victory over it—Durdles, observing that all the clerical force looked up from their work at his advent, lost no time in throwing himself into oratorical position, with the bundle now doing duty as a wand or paper-roll to mark emphasis, and commenced the delivery of a gruff address to all and singular the clerical force thus assembled, in which his loud demand for Mr. Honeythunder to be at once forthcoming, was blended with an amount of denunciation of the door-keeper, and, indeed, the whole establishment and all concerned, entitling him to immediate engagement as one of the higher stipendiaries, had sufficient intellect presided over the scene.

Yet he might have waited until doomsday, there is reason to believe, no one being specially addressed, and no one ever taking to himself a speech addressed in the general (notably when extra exertion is to be involved)—had not the loud tone of his voice created a certain sensation in other apartments adjoining, and suggested a temporary lack of that silent subordination requisite in the U.B.F.U.P. Penetrated, peculiarly, to the private room of the Manager, then engaged in jubilant and hilarious reading of a long statement of starvations, trade depressions, and doleful prospects, in a philanthropic journal of his patronizing—to which enjoyment he naturally wished to devote undivided attention, as more forcible Appeals and more thundering Denunciations would necessarily grow out of this pleasant painfulness of general situation. With the effect—this inopportune breaking in, of drawing the Manager to the door, armed with a frown of much intensity, and a voice fitted for early manufacture into speaking-trumpets.

"Gentlemen!" he began, thunderously, "what is the meaning of this unseemly noise in a place which should be devoted to quiet and conscientious labour in the Cause? If I hear any more of it, there will be a general reckoning of the severest character—"

The effect of this exordium, uttered and about

to be uttered, was materially marred by an interruption at this solemn and breathless moment. Durdles, feeling the necessity of remarking, very gruffly and yet with a certain air of loud satisfaction at the smoothing away of threatening difficulties:

"There he is, now! That's him! Durdles knows him!"

The sensation caused by this outburst can only be computed under a full knowledge of the horror with which all the subordinates regarded the idea of interrupting the Manager. They may be said to have glared at each other, in the presence of such an enormity—except one or two who surreptitiously tittered, but would have expected death in being discovered. The Manager himself did not glare, in the vulgar sense of the word: he rather gloomed loftily, as he thundered, after one instant of surprised silence:

"Who is that man? and what does he want here?"

At which, before Durdles could himself reply, one of the clerks nearest the Manager took the liberty of explaining, in a very low and conciliatory voice, that "none of them knew who the man was, but it was he who had made the noise which they all regretted, muttering something about wishing to see Mr. Honeythunder and would not take no for an answer."

"Ah! what? wishes to see me, this person?" replied the Manager, sonorously, with the air of one who should add: "Has Philanthropy come to this pass, that such wretches dare intrude upon the sacred time of the Manager of the United British and Foreign Universal Philanthropists, in his very Head Haven?"

"Yes, Durdles wants to see you, Mr. Honeythunder; and what's more, to speak with you, and the sooner the better!" was the reply of the stone-mason, ostensibly made to the uttered words of the Manager, but really to the others as well.

It is probable that only the first part of this was heard by the person addressed; as it is scarcely credible that if he had heard the whole he would not have resented it by an immediate order of expulsion. His action was really an unbending, of the most notable character, for him. He did nothing less than to step forward from the door, with what he intended as amiability.

"Well, my good man, if you wish to speak to me, what is it?"

Durdles waved around his bundle at the force of assistants, as if it had been an index-finger, and said:

"Not here, afore all them. Durdles must speak with you alone. Go back into the room as you come out of, if it's a private one; and Durdles'll follow."

"No, my good man," replied Mr. Honeythunder, with an oppressive loftiness, in his most overwhelming of fair-weather voices (intended for the ears of all the clerical force), and waving his large hand with a round sweep, which expressed proprietorship of the whole Haven and all it contained. "No—I have no secrets from my assistants. If you have anything to say, go on with it."

"No secrets, eh? Don't you be too sure of that! Confidence is a bad habit, and it may grow on you!" replied Durdles, in his gruffest voice, "better do as I ask you, Mr. Honeythunder, afore I take you at your word."

This was insolent—there is no denying the fact. And Mr. Honeythunder, the man who professionally impressed people as well as oppressed them, was not much in the habit of allowing himself to be either directed or impressed. Yet something in the manner and words of the rough stone-mason, while it offended him, had the wonderful effect of inducing him to change his original intention and submit to what was literally an order. He turned towards the door of his private room with:

"Well, you may come in, for a moment—only a moment: my time is valuable!" and Durdles shuffled after him, banging the door as he passed, with his impracticable bundle.

"Now, we are alone. What is it that you want, of so much consequence?"

The Manager spoke roundly, now. Durdles took a brief survey of the luxuriously fitted but dusky room, with its Manager's private table, its large cushioned chairs, and the Map of the World hanging on a side wall, heavily dotted in red for the stations and boundaries of Universal Philanthropy,—before he answered the imperative demand.

"Yes, I wanted to see you alone, for you mightn't like all them to know your business."

"My business? What do you mean, fellow?" (not "my good man," now!)

"Yes, your business, Mr. Honeythunder—the Reverend Mr. Honeythunder, I've heard say. You're in a hurry, are you? Werry well! Then Durdles won't keep you long, and you can think about what he tells you, afterwards. I want you to come down to Cloisterham—you know where it is, for I see you there not long ago,—and take charge of YOUR SON. That's all, and it don't take long a-tellin', does it?"

"My son?—you disreputable old wretch, who ought to be put in the stocks, or the pillory, if they had had sense enough to keep such things! My son? Are you crazy? or what swindle are you attempting?"

"Softly, don't speak so loud, or they may hear you, which would not be a good thing for you!" calmly replied the unawed stone-mason.

"Your son? Durdles said it, and he means what he says. Your son, and SARY LEWIS."

"Ha! what do you know?"—the surprised Manager began, though in a much lower voice; but he stopped as if uncertain what to say, and Durdles filled up the space.

"Durdles knows a great deal, Mr. Honeythunder—Reverend Mr. Honeythunder,—that wouldn't read nicely in the papers, if so be it should get there; and you'd better be still while he tells you the rest. I know the boy; I knowed his mother; she was Sary Lewt, and she lived at Newcastle. A psalm-singin' chap disgraced her—may be you know his name: I do! She bore that boy, and died."

He paused a moment, wiping either his brow or his eyes (who shall say which?) with his cuff. And in that moment Mr. Honeythunder rather hoarsely hissed than roared in his usual tone,—

"It is a lie, you old impostor! I will have you kicked out."

"No you won't; and it isn't a lie, and you know it. You'll come down and attend to him now that you know where he is. He's a credit to his father. Durdles seed you a whoppin' him, poundin' your own flesh and blood, as it de-

served, t'other day, when you was down at Cloisterham."

"Will you go, before I have you kicked out, lying old scoundrel!" the Manager rather hoarsely whispered, again, than roared, though at the last words his broad bulk had dropped into one of the wide arm-chairs.

"He is a perfect young devil, but maybe you wouldn't like to be the father of a gallow-bird, as you will be, if you do not take care of him," the stone-mason went on, without the least sign of having heard the enraged words of the other. "Name is 'Deputy'—leastwise that's what they call him, for want of any name from his father; and you can find him, when you want him, at the 'Travellers' Twopenny,' in Gasworks Garding. Better write 'em down, afore you forget 'em; and better take care of the young willian afore long, or the story may get into them papers, and not do you any good."

His mission accomplished, in his own peculiar way—shambled out, as he had shambled in, and this time unopposed by the Underpaid.—Stony Durdles left the Haven, and drifted and floundered back through the great sea, on his return to Cloisterham,—stopping covertly, in a convenient arched, to lighten his dinner-bundle, which was thereafter of a little less formidable proportions; and leaving the Rev. Mr. Honeythunder the wiser for his visit, and no doubt all the better prepared for anything Aggressive and Denunciatory, which might present itself in the world of Philanthropy—if not absolutely better content with himself and the world.

It was dusk when Durdles reached Cloisterham; but not too dusky, as he shambled along towards his Hole in the Wall—for him to observe Deputy vigorously cannonading an unfortunate cat, that he had succeeded in driving to the shelter of one of the tree-tops near the old monastery, after disposing of her family by various pleasant and ingenious modes of extinguishment.

"Ha! you young devil!—what is it, up that tree?" Mr. Durdles accosted the commander of the investing force, in the pause between two volleys.

"Old Boxley's tortoise-shell! Hi! Wasn't it sport with her kittens, yesterday? See—that's the time that I nearly fetched her! There goes a piece of her tail! Hi!"

"Deputy!" said Durdles, solemnly, "what will you say, if I tell you that I have been out, to-day, looking for a place for you—better than the Travellers' Twopenny?"

"Yer lie—ye've been drunk, and dreamed it! Give me the three ha'pence you owe me, or I'll smash you next, after I finish this cat!" was the amiable response of this type of a rising (gallows-high) generation, as he turned again from the less-exciting diversions of the ribald tongue to the nobler sports of the cruel hand, and hunted the last of the poor tortoise-shell's nine-lives with a vigour promising certain and early capture.

Durdles ventured no more, but shambled away to his hut. As he did so, he shook his head so widely, that the expansive shirt-collar gave way beneath the pressure,—with a gesture that may have indicated a certain amount of sorrow, and that may have been merely expressive of discouragement with a problem past solution, by the aid of either measuring-rule or hammer—a Young 'Un throwing all the Old 'Uns into complete insignificance.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### REVISITING THE GLIMPSES.

MORE visitors have come to John Jasper in the brief space of time elapsed since the two discoveries, apparently accidents, placing in his hands the pocket-wallet and the black scarf, than have ever before visited the choir-master during a corresponding period. Not that he has become more popular, as a man or a professional: on the contrary, the practices to which he has surrendered himself, and something deeper in his life and brain, neither known nor suspected by the body of those meeting him, have begun to tell upon face and manner—so that his company is less sought than of old, from the very natural reason that we do not willingly force ourselves into companionship inflicting pain or awaking sorrow, when the alternative is open to us of only visiting or entertaining the pleasant and enjoyable. Haggard face; sunken eye, with occasional gleams that seem to blend fear and ferocity; hands shaking to an extent that would be pitiable even in age; and the frequent recurrence of those spasms which, for the time, threaten life and indicate the early extinguishment of reason—these are not elements of increased or even continued popularity, in Cloisterham, any more than elsewhere; and the choir-master may be aware of the unpleasant fact.

Mr. Crisparkle calls seldom more than was his wont, at the Gate House, to refresh his musical sympathies or ask after the health of the man who is much oftener than of old absent from the Cathedral-service. Mr. Tope, so very near a neighbour, does not fail him; but it cannot always be said that the company of Mr. Tope is exhilarating, and it might almost be averred that it is at times depressing—especially since the coming of his tribulation, which he has not, however, confided to Mr. Jasper, or to any one else than the Minor Canon and his Reverence the Dean. Mayor Sapsea pays occasional visits, of course, exclusive of the meetings which take place between the two at the Mansion House and elsewhere—the pompous old donkey finding few others, failing the obsequious Datchery, to pay him such adulatory court as the Energetic Man whom he believes that he has so characterized. Besides these, Mr. Jasper has certain regular visitors connected with the Cathedral service and his profession as a music-teacher, not to mention some remains of social life; but all those have certainly not increased in number or frequency of call, and they may even be said to have declined in both, since the day when his dear boy came home to him, and then went away so suddenly and mysteriously, last Christmas-eve.

And yet John Jasper has many visitors—may be said to be actually burdened with them. The pounds avoirdupois of many of them, might be expressed in the most minute of fractions or even by the arithmetical 0, while their weight upon the spirits could scarcely be set down in any aggregation of tons. They have colours enough to delight a painter searching after the lost tints of

Titian,—shades enough to give a new impression of forms to Euclid,—and powers of motion rendering the mysteries of the Abroadabra things of everyday belief. They are frequent as duns, importunate as beggars, inconstant as lovers, unexpected as blessings, unwelcome as deserved misfortunes, mysterious as the realm from which we come and the land to which we go.

Some of 'em, Oriental in their character, may have accompanied him home, unobserved, from his opium-dreams in the miserable court in the London bye-street—lain *perdu* until the proper time for torture, to glide out and present themselves before his eyes at a moment when he has no spell with which to exorcise them. Some of them—milder and more sorrowful—may have their derivation in certain bars of music, or in the recollections of childhood, lost loves, and perished friendships. Some of them—who can say?—may be shadows from past crimes and endured punishments, with evil faces and suffering forms bearing the manacle, wasting toil without a hope, hunger, and the lash. And some of them—dark, fearful, frequent, and horrible—may be remembrances of that blackest of shadow-lands, whereof the earth is dismal quicksands and fatal pitfalls and the waters are gurgling flows of black blood—lying, geographically, half-way between the realms of Evil Passion and Madness.

They had been few in number and comparatively innocuous in character, before the day of the delivery of the pocket wallet by Mayor Sapsea; more frequent and worse thereafter; but increasing a thousandfold since the picking up of the black scarf on the river-bank. Before these things, they had been merely the phantom shapes of Remorse, surrounding a shadowy figure, with pitiful face and upstretched pleading arms, like that of his dear boy in death-extremity: since then, they have not only increased in number, but varied and darkened in form, bearing the mingled features of that same Remorse combined with Horrible Fear.

Not all impalpable or of ghostly shape, these visitors, either, though many of them have at once that double and that lesser alarm. There are some, bearing human form, not to be mistaken in their humanity or their profession. There is one, a dog, of late coming, that can scarcely be called a visitor, as it has never come nearer to the Gate House than a certain distance from the window, where he has seen it, once and again, sitting erect and black, unmistakably gazing towards that window—silent, grim, terrible, and always leaving the same doubt, as he has removed and replaced the curtain, whether it is a veritable beast, with claws and teeth to tear and throttle; a phantom form of some fierce dog that has been, such as might follow the Wild Huntman in that Demon Chase through the Black Forest; or a shape from the Lower World, sent to haunt him till the appointed day, and then drag him downwards with the awful metamorphosis of the Faust.

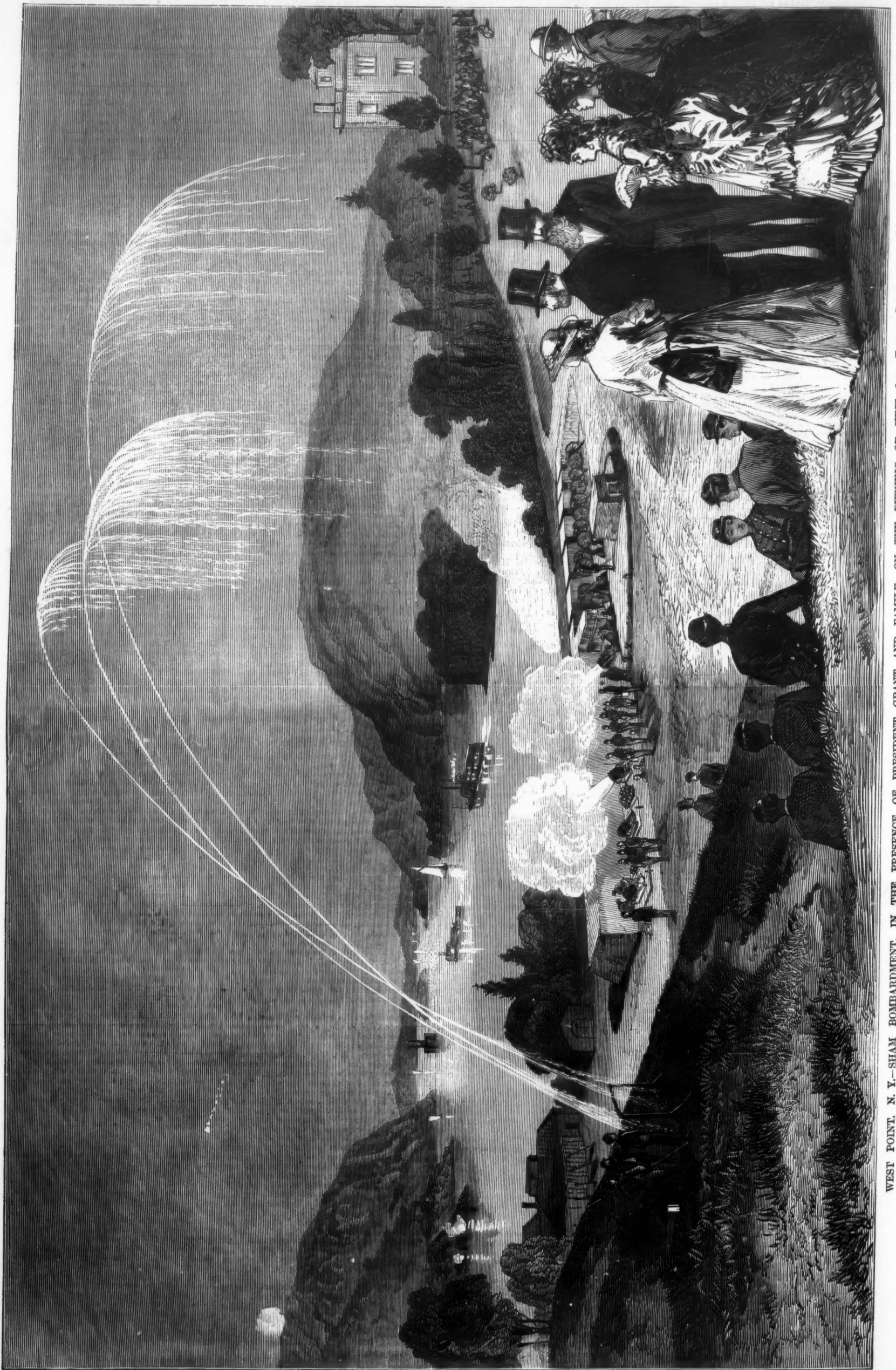
Perhaps the visitors bearing the human impress are the most terrible of all—coming nearest, as they do, to representing that awful Possibility hanging over him from the hour of the delivery of the pocket-wallet: representing, as they do, not Remorse, but Discovery, Detection, Arrest, Imprisonment, Trial, Conviction, Sentence, The Gallows! For among them are so evidently the shapes of those whom he has seen when they were bearing corresponding relations to others—officers of the law, in pursuit, armed, and sometimes with gyves showing in their hands or clanking horribly in the pockets where they lie concealed for human wrists; oriers commanding attention for the most solemn of duties, in the midst of crowds whose upturned faces have an interest sickening to the beholder; stern judges, black-robed and severe-faced, opening close-set mouths to deal out vengeance only less severe than that denounced against red-handed Cain. And one figure there is, accompanied by a double voice, which belongs to another invisible, which returns so often, that he has come to know the features of the one and to recognize the sound of the other—though all besides seems hidden in a whelming dark, smoky mist, beneath which there may be, for all that he can tell, that same awful sea of upturned faces. How much of this is from past recollection of scenes where men have been on trial for their lives, or how much of it may be an omen of some dreadful future soon to be—how can the bewildered, opium-soddened, guilt-appalled brain be capable of measuring? He only knows that he has seen that black-capped grim judge's face so often, during the last unendurable days, that he has even learned by rote the words of the Clerk of Arraignment, and of the Crier, announcing that the verdict has been given, and that only the one dread formality remains for the Court that commissions the Hangman. Strange blending of the past and present realities of a life!—ever as this recurs, as recur it does, now, at such brief intervals as to indicate that by-and-by it will be only one long procession of dreadful sight and sound—ever as this recurs, the passion and habit of his profession come up with it, and the voice of the doomsday becomes blended with the sound of a chorus of thousand voices sweeping and rolling through the arches of a cathedral so many scores of times larger and grayer than his own that it seems to span the whole round globe; and these are the words that so over and over again he hears, half-said, half-sung, until there is nothing else in earth or heaven, nay, nothing else in hell, than that one awful formula:

"Prisoner at the bar! After a prolonged investigation, conducted with a patience and care which leave nothing to be desired on the part of a jury of your countrymen, you are pronounced guilty of murder—a verdict in which I entirely concur. If anything has been said or omitted which can be explained in your favour, the law gives you one more chance. What have you to say that sentence of DEATH should not be passed upon you?"

There comes a pause, broken only by the muttering thunder of the long echo under the arches; and in that pause (sometimes this is in sleep) he feels himself struggling to give utterance to words of denial—to protestations of love for his dear boy, too tender to allow his laying hands upon him—of accusations of another, on whom will be found some of the property of the murdered. But he cannot succeed, be it night or day, in giving utterance; and after a moment he hears another key of the double voice go on, in tones only less rolling and sonorous, and yet more awful to the quailing sense:

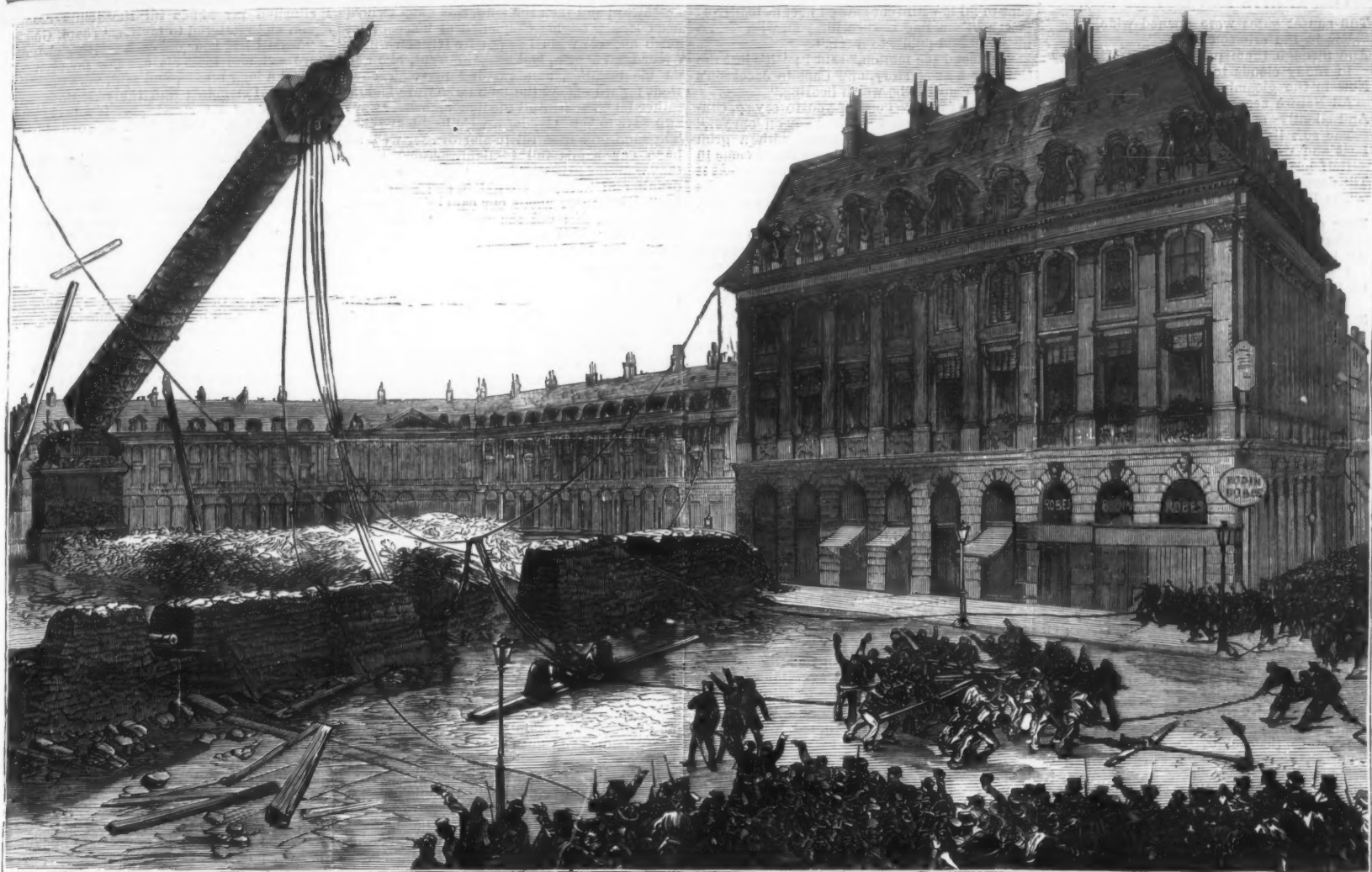
(To be continued.)





WEST POINT, N. Y.—SHAM BOMBARDMENT, IN THE PRESENCE OF PRESIDENT GRANT AND FAMILY, ON THE EVENING OF JUNE 8TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. BERGHAUSE.





PARIS.—THE FALL OF THE COLUMN VENDÔME, MAY 16TH.

## THE PRESIDENT'S FAMILY AT WEST POINT.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S holiday sojourn at West Point was marked by one circumstance that made it more grateful than similar *villeggiature* can often be. His cherished son Fred was undergoing an examination in the Academy, and bearing himself through it in a way to fill the father's heart with pride. "As for young Fred Grant," says a correspondent, "he has done splendidly. I had occasion, a few days ago, to call attention to his examination in en-

executed before the President, and after night-fall, the first-class entertained the visitors with an exhibition in the explosive bombshell line. The exhibition, as a pyrotechnic display, was superb, and attracted hundreds of visitors from all parts of the surrounding country. It should be said that the shells used on the occasion were made by the first-class men during the past year. The scene on this occasion was truly imposing. The mock bombardment, including the mortar siege battery and strand battery, was directed by Lieutenant Harrington; the aim, which was taken at a mark across the river, on the shoulder of old Crownest, was remarkably accurate, the hitting being almost uniformly successful. The pyrotechnics and firing of paper bombs were combined with this practice in such a way as to give much of the spirit and excitement of a real bombardment.

## THE COLUMN VENDÔME.

We have already published a view of the famous pillar overthrown May 16th, with the history of its destruction. The news, however, that it is to be restored by the cementing of the broken portions, gives additional interest to the pictures which show its dislocated condition. The column, we may remind our readers, fell at ten minutes to six on the evening of the 16th May. A piece had been sawn out at the bottom of the pillar, while the overthrow was accomplished by an arrangement of blocks and pulleys. Suddenly there arose the cry, "It falls!" and slowly the huge column bowed towards the Rue de la Paix. As it fell, it broke into several pieces in the bed of sand and compost.

The crowd instantly dashed forward to pick up relics, crying, "Vive la Commune!" Bands of music played during the ceremony, and the Commune and their Staff, amounting to about two hundred, were present on horseback. Directly after the fall, Colonel Mayer mounted the empty pedestal and waved the red flag frantically.

Another member of the Commune made a speech, abusing Napoleon I., whose statue lay at his feet.

This effigy was not that of the date of Louis Philippe, celebrated as the *redingote grise*; Louis Philippe rather unwisely rekindled Bonapartist enthusiasm by causing a new statue of Napoleon, in his favorite character of "the Little Corporal," to be erected on the column; this statue was replaced under the late Im-

perial Government by a copy of the original figure in a Roman toga, executed by Dumont, and now overthrown as aforesaid.

## REV. CHARLES CLEVELAND.

The lesson of a life spent in works of charity and in labors for the good of souls can never be unimportant; how much more, then, is the teaching impressive when such a life has been lived for a century. Father Cleveland, the Boston missionary, will attain his hundredth birthday, if he lives so long, on the 21st of June of next year. At the present time, when just a twelvemonth is lacking of that charmed clinture, and when many eyes, in his own city of Boston and elsewhere, are directed to his venerable person, we publish his portrait, and give a few dates and facts of his career. In 1802, at the age of thirty, Mr. Cleveland, a merchant, was made clerk and deputy collector at the Custom House in Salem, Mass. After and before this, however, he was engaged in mercantile pursuits. In 1830 he received an appointment as Missionary to the Poor of Boston, an office he has filled with the greatest acceptance for more than forty years. The

papers of that city have noted, from time to time, the incidents of his career, and have latterly made numerous respectful allusions to his great age and honorable services.

As the friend of the friendless during the whole existence of the American nation, Father Cleveland deserves the most exalted honor that it is possible for our hearts to give him.

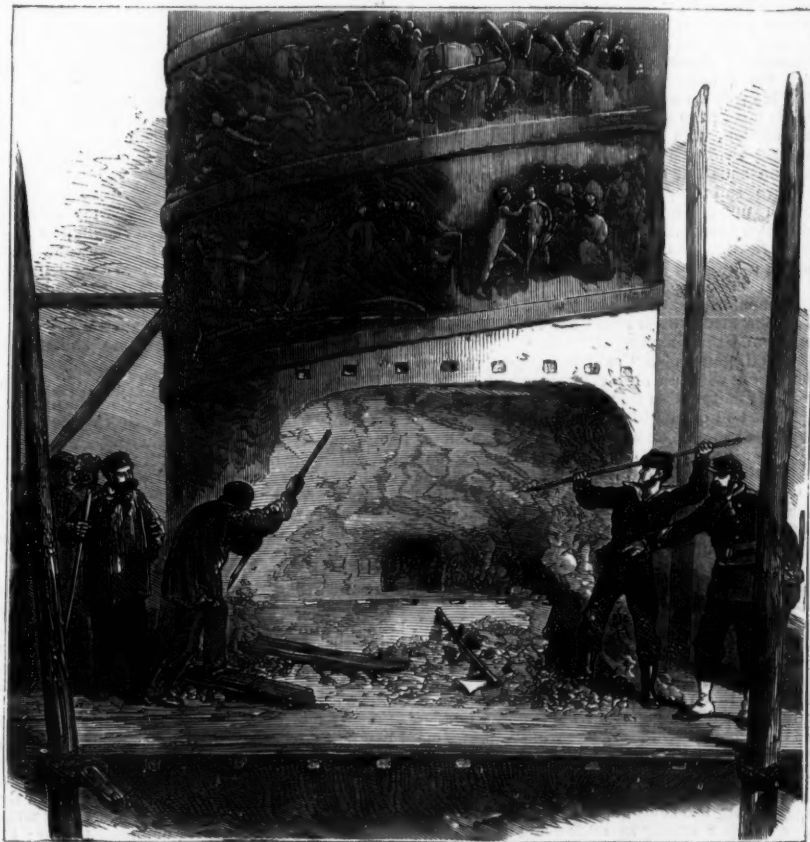
A FRENCHMAN, a certain M. Breant, some years ago offered a prize of twenty thousand dollars for a certain cure of the cholera, the prize to be awarded by the Institute of France. Competitors have been "going for it," notwithstanding the war, and a certain M. Dronet claims he has found the grand specific. His process is simple enough. It is sufficient to cover the stomach of the patient with a film of a collodion, prepared by a mixture of ordinary collodion and castor oil. This collodion film is a specific against hysterical fits, typhoid fever, etc. It must be admitted that the total stopping of all perspiration may be considered as being of some help in different affections. The process may be considered as worth a trial at least, under some peculiar circumstances.



FATHER CLEVELAND, OF BOSTON, AS HE APPEARS AT THE AGE OF NINETY-NINE YEARS.

gineering, which was a brilliant one, and since then he has been overhauled in mineralogy and cavalry tactics, and, I am happy to say, has not been found wanting in any particular." But the most agreeable point of the cadet's examination was when he was challenged, with the simple assistance of a map, to give a history of his father's campaign at Vicksburg. The young man, with that quietude and simplicity which are his proper inherited traits, went over the whole action with the utmost minuteness, giving the story of Vicksburg in all its details, and the topography of the region with equal knowledge. How seldom has a warrior enjoyed such a proud fatherly triumph, listening, as it were, to the future echo of fame from the lips of his own child, while enjoying the highest possible civic reward for the deeds thus celebrated!

On June 8th a battalion drill and review were



PARIS.—COMMUNISTS CUTTING THE BASE OF THE COLUMN VENDÔME PREPARATORY TO ITS OVERTHROW.



## THE LIGHTS FAR OUT AT SEA.

The sunset gates were opened wide,  
Far in the crimson west,  
And through them passed the wearied day  
In ruddy clouds to rest.  
Now in the gloaming and the hush  
All Nature seems to dream,  
And silently and one by one,  
The soft lights flit and gleam;  
I sit and watch them from the shore,  
Half lost in reverie,  
Till darkness hides the waves between  
The lights far out at sea.

They glimmer as the far-off days,  
That came long years ago,  
All joyous with the light of love  
I would not see or know.  
Oh! happy days, half-dimmed by years—  
Long years that stretch between  
The old sweet love of long ago,  
The life that might have been.  
So far! Yet through the dark'ning past  
Their brightness gleams to me,  
As o'er the dark and silent waves  
The lights far out at sea.

## TOLD ON DECK.

It was in the end of last July that, having "done" Constantinople in the most approved fashion, my thoughts began to turn toward Egypt and the great Pyramid; and I readily accepted the passage offered me by an old friend of mine—the owner of a small trading steamer which made two voyages monthly between Constantinople and Alexandria. As she usually called at several of the smaller islands en route, I was thus offered the chance of seeing two or three places not usually visited by the ordinary tourist—an irresistible temptation to any "roving Englishman." Accordingly, it was with no small satisfaction that, a few days later, I watched the sun sink behind the minarets of Stamboul, as we spread our sails to the wind, and, under a cloudless sky and genial temperature that might have revived a hypochondriac, steamed away toward the Sea of Marmora.

Our skipper was a lithe, black-whiskered, merry-looking Yorkshireman, full of jokes and good stories, and with a never-failing twinkle of fun in the corners of his roguish eyes. His mate was a trim, wiry little fellow, as active as a cat, though a slight halt in his gait showed where the splinter of the shell had entered, as he faced the Telegraph Battery on the 17th of October, 1854. There were three cabin passengers besides myself—a brother tourist, similarly bound on a flying visit to the tombs of the Pharaohs; the wife of an English engineer, on her way to join her husband at Suez—as kind and open-hearted an old soul as ever poured out a cup of tea or patted up an invalid's pillow; and a retired merchant-captain, going to pay a visit to his brother at Alexandria. The latter was a taciturn old fellow, smoking all morning, sleeping all afternoon, and walking the deck all night; and only to be aroused by the mention of the Franco-Prussian war, a topic occasionally applied to him as a goad by our mischievous skipper, over their after-dinner grog. At such times it was a sight to see the old salt's mahogany visage blaze up with excitement, as he roared out, with an emphatic thump of his ponderous fist upon the table, that "the French were only good to make dancing-masters, and the Germans to drink beer and chew sausages; and he hated 'em both, he did; and if he had his wish, it ud be that the last Frenchman should kill the last German, and be hanged for the murder!"

It was the third evening of the cruise. Our evening meal (a very substantial one) was over, and our entire party (with the exception of the lady above mentioned, who felt, as she graphically phrased it, "rather nohow," from the effects of yesterday's stiff breeze and rolling sea) grouped near the stern in every variety of those attitudes of distortion assumed by an Englishman when taking his ease. Our skipper lay with his feet up in the air, as if trying to stand on his head; the mate was propped against the cabin-hatch, with his hands in his pockets, and one leg twisted round the other; the retired captain squatted cross-legged, *à la Turque*, on a spare sail; my fellow-tourist sprawled full length upon the deck, with his head pillowed against a sea-chest; while I sat perched on the bulwark-rail, with the comfortable certainty of falling overboard in case I lost my balance.

John Bull, after a heavy meal, is always a philosophizing animal, and it was not long before our meditations found voice. The first to begin was the skipper.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, appealing to us landmen with an air of fatherly superiority, "this is better than roasting on shore, ain't it?"

"Out and out better," assented I; "the sea's the place to enjoy a holiday, after all. No business to attend to—no visits of ceremony to pay—no dressing for dinner—no correspondence to read and answer—nothing to think of but the mere fact of living, which is a pleasure in itself."

"And, above all, no bills," chimed in my fellow-wanderer, who, if his own admissions were to be relied upon, had good reason to rejoice at the exemption.

There was a general laugh; but he continued, coolly, "And what's more, no one to bother you about the latest news of the war. I'm dead sick of Saarbrücken, and Metz, and Strasbourg, and all the rest of it; and I shan't care," added he, tearing a strip from the last number of the *Levant Herald* to make a cigarette withal, "if I don't hear another word of news for the next fortnight."

The mate gave a quiet chuckle, as if mentally applauding the sentiment; but at that moment our skipper struck in, addressing his brother-captain. "Now, Captain Jacobson, I'm going to call upon you for a yarn. You haven't

opened that mouth of yours once to-night, except to fill it with that stewed beef at tea-time; and here's a fine chance for you, with such a distinguished public to listen."

"I second the motion," said I; "it's just the time for a good story, and Captain Jacobson's yarns are sure to be worth hearing."

"Well, it's very good of you to say so, considerin' as you've never heard any on 'em yet," retorted the ancient mariner, with a grim chuckle; "but I know one yarn that'll come in well just now, for it was just about here that it all happened." And, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, he refilled it, took a whiff or two, and began as follows:

"It's more years ago than I like to count, now I'm getting to be an old man—some time before the days of trading steamers, anyhow—that I was cruising in these same waters as skipper of a merchant brig bound for Alexandria. It was my first voyage in command, and (like all young skippers) I was as bad as a hen with one chick—fidgeted my life out about this, that, and t'other, and thought nothing warn't done right without I was there to look after it my own self. Hows'ever, luckily for me, I'd a mate worth any six of me—a man not much older than myself, but who'd got the Levant by heart, and knew all the ins and outs of it as well as the bottom of his pocket. Poor Jack Whittall! you don't see a fellow like him every day—no, nor every week, neither. Six foot two without his shoes—broad across the chest like a bullock—with an arm and a fist as you might ha' took a photograph of to send to the Exhibition; and such a good-natured, merry fellow, too! 'Gad! when I recollect how he used to keep us all laughing with his songs and stories, and what sprees we used to have on shore together (him and me was just like two brothers, bein' from the same town), and what yarns we've spun many a time in the middle watch, when the craft was slippin' along easy before the wind, and everything quiet—but I mustn't think of it, or I shall be spoilin' my yarn."

Here the captain interrupted his narrative by two or three vehement puffs of his pipe, and continued, in an altered tone: "We'd had a spanking run with a fair wind, and were pretty much about the same place where we are just now, when one morning Jack Whittall comes to me on the quarter-deck, and says, as quietly as I say it now, 'Bill, I'm goin' to die to-night!'"

"Well, you may think how that took me aback; and, by George! to hear a fellow, with a face as brown as a nut, and an arm fit to fell an ox, coolly sayin' he was just goin' to die, was enough to scare anybody a bit. I couldn't make up my mind whether he'd gone mad, or whether he was only havin' a lark with me; but anyhow, I thought the best thing to do was just to laugh it off; so I says, 'Ay, Jack, you do look powerful ill; to be sure; but mayhap you won't die this bout after all.'"

"'Ah!' says he, 'you think I'm jokin'; but I'm not, though. Look here!' and with that he holds out his left wrist, and pulls up the sleeve of his jacket."

"Well, then I did get a start, if you like. I should tell you that Jack had been born with a red mark on his wrist, the shape of a heart—just like one of them hearts they cut out o' red cornelian; and he'd told me how his mother used to say it was born with him, and would go out just afore he died. And now, sure enough, it had gone out—not a speck of it to be seen, no more'n if it had never been there! I was so took aback that I couldn't speak a word, but just stood starin'."

"'Now,' says he, 'you see I'm right; and I just want you to promise me that the last thing I ask you to do, you'll be sure to do it.' 'All right,' says I, glad enough to quiet him anyhow. So we shook hands on it, and he went about his work as if nothing had happened; but as for me, the whole thing troubled me more than I'd have liked to own."

"Well, the day wore on, and nothing out of the way happened, till, just about noon, the wind dropped all of a sudden, and it fell dead calm. We were just then off a small, low-lying island (I forget the name of it) a little to the northward of Scarpanto; and we hadn't been becalmed very long afore we saw a boat comin' out to us from the shore. Then old Jack says to me, 'Skipper,' says he, 'I know these here islands pretty well, and I know there's not a man on 'em but would cut your throat for the clothes you've got on. Now, it's my opinion these chaps are just a-comin' spyin', to see whether we're strong-handed or not, and that after dark they'll be down upon us all in the lump; so take you care of 'em. They'll be for sellin' you fruit or somethin', and you may as well buy, to keep 'em from suspectin' anythin'; but don't let none of 'em come aboard, or they'll be up to mischief.'"

"He'd hardly got the words out, when the boat came alongside (and a precious cut-throat, hang-dog lookin' lot they were that manned her, too), and a long, hatchet-faced, lantern-jawed beggar in the bow, with not flesh enough on him to grease the point of a shoemaker's awl, hollered out to us, in Greek, to ask would we buy some fresh fruit? Jack knew their lingo better than I did, so he went forward to bargain with 'em; and, after jawin' a spell, they settled the price, and the Greek chaps wanted to come on board with their stuff; but I told 'em to keep where they were, and hand the fruit up the side. So they hove us up a lot o' grapes, and water-melons, and stich; then all to once Mr. Lantern-jaws outs with a big basket from the stern-sheets, and axes us if we've a mind to buy some Greek wine."

"We had twelve hands aboard, all English barrin' two Maltese, and right good sailors they were, every man jack of 'em; but they were reglar beggars for drink, whenever they could get any; and the minute they set eyes on the wine, I saw how it would be. But Jack whispers to me, 'Best take it, and save bother; I'll see that no harm comes on't.' So I bought the wine, and, the minute it comes aboard, Jack

claps fists on it, and shoves it down the cabin-hatchway; and then the long, thin chap (who'd been lookin' mighty chapfallen at not bein' let come aboard) wished us good afternoon with a queer kind o' grin, and away he went, him and all his beauties, at a rattling pace. Then I went forward among the men (who were lookin' rather blue at seein' all the liquor stowed away) and says to 'em, 'My lads, we'd best leave that 'ere wine and fruit till to-morrow, for we'll all have our hands full to-night. Them chaps that went off just now count upon our gettin' drunk and keepin' no watch, and after dark we'll have them about our ears by the dozen. Sharp now, run out the guns' (we had two small carronades on board), 'get up the cutlasses and boardin'-pikes, and as many old muskets as you can find, load 'em and put 'em handy; and be as quiet as you can about it, so as them blackguards ashore mayn't smell a rat. Mr. Whittall, serve out double allowance of grog to all hands.' The men went to work with a will, for the prospect of a scrimmage put life into 'em all, let alone the double dose of grog. Before sundown all was ready, and we had nothin' to do but keep our ears open and our cutlasses handy."

"Well, I think the next three or four hours were just about the longest I ever spent in my life. No movin', no speakin'; nothin' but listen, listen, watch, watch, with ears and eyes strained to the utmost, till the very silence of the sea seemed to have a kind of sound in it like the rush of time going past."

"It was now gettin' toward the end of the fourth hour, and I began to think that mayhap they weren't coming after all, when all of a sudden Jack Whittall, whose eyes were as good as ever, pulled my sleeve and pointed right ahead. It was dark night, but with a glimmer of moonlight every now and then; and by that I could just make out three or four long, black-lookin' things, like big water-snakes, comin' slidin' over the sea right for us. I can't tell you what a turn that sight gave me. If they'd come on shoutin', and firin', and makin' a row, I wouldn't ha' cared twopence; but to see 'em come creepin' along, without a sound, like shadows on the water, in that ghostly kind o' way, by George! it seemed just like one's death comin' on, 'pon my word. But there was no time to think of it. The man who had charge of the port carronade let drive at 'em as soon as they were near enough for a fair shot, but, by ill-luck, the moon clouded over just at that moment, and he only skiffed the water just ahead of her. But, by jingo! the starboard chap made better work of it. He waited till the moon came clear again, so as he could see the glint of the light upon their knives and muskets; and then he let fly, and caught the foremost boat clean, smashin' her like an egg-shell. Stich a howl as there was when that pill came among them I never heard before or since; but the other two boats kept on full speed, and were into us before we could load again. They gave us one volley as they ran alongside, and then up they came, like a swarm o' locusts, some on one quarter, some on t'other."

"All that happened after that comes back to me like a sort o' nightmare. I recollect a lot o' cuttin' and slashin', and firin', and thrustin', and spurtin' o' blood over my hands and face, but nothin' distinctly; only this I do know, that we kept the rascals well in play, for we'd scattered some loose spars to trip them up, and that way we cut down several afore they could get to their feet again. All to once, I heard a crash and an awful screech from the port side, and then Jack Whittall's voice givin' a cheer that made the whole deck ring. The fact was that the fourth boat had been a trifle behind the rest, and had crept up on our quarter after the fight began. But Jack had sharp eyes of his own, and twigged her fast enough; so what does he do but creep quietly along to where the big grindstone was lyin' that we'd been sharpenin' the cutlasses on, and when the boat ran alongside, he just tipped it right over upon her. O' course, with a light boat like that, it tore out the gunwale like paper, and every man jack on 'em went straight to the bottom, for they're no great shakes o' swimmers, ain't them chaps. Then Jack picks up a capstan-bar, and comes in right and left upon the other lot that we were busy with, till presently he got a lick on the arm that made him drop it, and we began to get driven back. All of a sudden, up jumps the old Maltese cook (who'd been heatin' a kettle o' soup in the galley when the blackguards first come aboard) and giv' 'em the whole kettleful, hiss'n' hot, right in their faces. And didn't they sing out, neither? 'My eyes! For a minute they were all in confusion; and, before they could recover themselves, we rushed at 'em, and sent 'em flyin' right and left. Then they saw the game was up, and overboard they leapt, some on one side, some on t'other. They'd left a man in each o' the boats, however, so they warn't long bein' picked up, we meanwhile peltin' away at 'em with cold shot, and handspikes, and everything we could lay fists on. And when I see 'em a-shovin' off, I giv' old Jack a slap on the shoulder, and says to him:

"'Well, old chap, how about dyn' now?'"

"These words warn't out o' my mouth, when there come a flash and a crack from the nearest boat, and along with it a dull thud, close to my ear, like a tap on a padded door, and then a quick gasp, like somebody being strangled. The blackguard in the stern had reloaded his piece and taken a snap-shot at us as he was goin' off, just out o' pure spite, and down fell poor old Jack into my arms like a roll o' canvas. Talk of Satan enterin' into a man! I think he did into me that minute. I just made one spring to the spare muskets, that we'd laid ready in case they should force their way aft, grabbed one, and took a fair aim at the beast that had done it, just as he was wavin' his hand to us in defiance. The moonlight came out full on his face, and I had him sure. I think I see him now, with his face twistin' in the death-

agony, as he fell right for'ard into the sea; and I clinched my hands till the joints cracked again, and muttered to myself, 'Thank God!'"

"Then I laid poor old Jack gently down on a spare sail, and took his head on my arm. He fetched a long breath, and said, very quietly: 'Bill, I'm goin'; and the only thing I can leave you for a remembrance is this old silver watch o' mine. You'll think of your old shipmate sometimes, won't you?'"

"I gripped his hand (I couldn't have spoken to save my life), and he went on, his voice gettin' weaker and weaker:

"'There's a ring on my little finger here, with a lock of hair in it; you take it off, and when I'm dead, look in the first leaf of my pocketbook (I can't take it out now), and you'll find a name and address written; you send the ring to that address. God bless you, old fellow!'"

"And with that he squeezed my hand, with the last strength he had left, and—"

Here the narrator fairly came to a standstill; and our skipper, rising hastily, said "he s'posed that was about all the cap'n had to tell us, and that p'raps we'd better be thinkin' of turnin' in," which we all did accordingly.

## A COLORED FUNERAL IN THE SOUTH.

BY ELLA B. WASHINGTON.

THE pleasures that hold first rank in the African estimate of happiness are those two great events, a "big weddin'" and a "purty berryin'"; for the pomp and circumstance of burial were not less in proportion among slaves than in palaces. Funerals were especially esteemed, as they afforded such splendid scope for the sensational excitement in which that peculiar race delight to revel, whenever an opportunity is offered.

Something of the original savage shows itself lurking in that blood which delights in horrors of every variety, whether imaginary or real. Every species of superstition is tenderly nursed and carefully cherished, ready, whenever opportunity and an audience present themselves, to leap, full-grown, like Minerva from the head of Jove, though not from their woolly craniums, but, in exalted exaggeration of phraseology, from the ends of tongues that are literally apparent, but figuratively hard to find. Some lingering remnant of the old "fetich worship" of their native land clings to them still, and sometimes develops itself in acts of fearful fanaticism.

The features of funerals in the olden days of plantation life were eating, drinking, singing, praying; and, when their potations were too free, the funeral festivities frequently ended, we regret to confess, in occasional fighting.

When a case of extreme illness occurred, friends and relatives gathered around the sick-bed of the sufferer; for then there was much more kindly sympathy, acted and expressed among them from one to the other, than there is now. Freedom seems to have hardened the soft-hearted colored people into indifference to the suffering that once enlisted their sympathy. Death was followed by a ceremonious solemnity, styled among them a "settin' up." There were refreshments provided for the watchers by the master and mistress of the estate, and the night was spent in singing, praying, or "telli'n' their 'sperience" of religion, or relating superstitious auguries of sickness and death.

Many years ago, in the writer's youth, on the "old plantation," before Fifteenth Amendments were dreamed of, and when peace and plenty reigned in Southern homes, memory recalls vividly the death and burial of a faithful slave, who had won the esteem and affection of every one by a long life of usefulness, kindness and industry.

Good old Mammy Dinah is associated with the happiest and tenderest scenes of my childhood. She had, for years, only performed voluntary labor; her duties, as was customary with aged slaves, had been suspended. Occasionally she would card and spin out cotton, or wind it from the brooches into balls for the weavers. She held high authority over a regiment of young darkies, whose greatest toil was to pick up chips for the fire, bring water, or hunt hens' nests, taking frequent occasion to amuse themselves *ad interim*, when out of Mammy's sight, turning somersaults and dancing to the music of their own whistling and singing. But at last the time drew near when the good old woman's summons came, and severe illness terminated in death. It was in vain my mother gave her personal attendance with that of the family physician; daily, from the house, luxuries were sent, to tempt the failing appetite. It was all in vain—tender care would not avail, science failed, and we were told one morning that the golden cord of life was loosed; Mammy Dinah had died, breathing a prayer for her master's family. We were a mourning household, for a tender tie had been riven—a tie never understood out of the South, for none but those who have lived under our peculiar institutions can imagine the strong bond existing between faithful servants and the families with whom they were connected.

Some years before her death, my mother had asked if there was anything more she could do for her comfort. I well remember the answer: "God bless you, my missis; thank you much. Dinah's got eberythin' she want in dis world, 'cep'in' her shroud, praise de Lord!"

So the necessary money was given, and expended in the neat grave-clothes, which were taken out and aired from time to time; until, at last, they were needed to enfold the venerable remains.

The weather was intensely hot, for Sirius was holding revel in the sky, and it was decided the burial should take place at night.

The friends of the deceased on neighboring plantations were notified, and, with a "pass" or permit from the master, many attended,



It was midnight before all had assembled, and I crept from my bed and crouched by the window, watching the negroes as they came across the fields or up the avenue; the visitors soon filled the cabin of the deceased, and when that was full, stood around the entrance. At short intervals, some one among the group commenced a hymn, in which all joined; there was something weird in the scene, and the wailing chant that came floating with a softened cadence on the breeze. Torches glowed in the range of whitewashed huts, and a "bush light," or fire of the resinous pine-knots, kindled on a small mound in front of Dinah's habitation, made every detail of the scene distinctly visible; even the coffin near the open door, on a long table, and the solemn watchers gathered around it.

To my excited imagination, there was a weird fascination in what almost seemed a phantom picture, revealed in the torchlight and the misty moonbeams—for the full moon, obscured by an unbroken mass of clouds, rendered them translucent, producing a peculiar effect, apparently magnifying objects in the tawny light.

An owl, perched on the top of a tree near by, suddenly uttered its strange, shrill scream, that echoed loud and long; a bat flew in at the window, struck with a dull thud against the ceiling, and flew out. My heart beat in thick throbs; it was a "grievous" scene, an hour weird and awful.

At last, all had gathered; refreshments were decorously distributed, consisting of light cakes and sweet biscuit, with domestic wine or some other drink, and then the procession formed.

Six women, dressed in white, with black scarfs, preceded the coffin, which was in a small wagon drawn by two horses; the pall-bearers on each side carrying torches; and behind came the long procession, walking first in couples, then in groups, for half a mile or more.

The graveyard was near the river, huge oaks and tall pines extending their waving branches protectively over the dead. I watched them winding down the slope, while listening to the mournful music of that familiar old hymn—

"Hark from the tombs a mournful sound!  
Mine ears attend the cry;  
Ye living men, come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie."

Borne on the breeze, mellowed by distance, and mingling with the wailing, plaintive sound of the wind in the pines, exquisitely sweet and solemnly sad, came the sacred harmony.

The ceremony of interment was performed by a pious colored man, a class-leader who is found on each plantation—the spiritual teacher who exhorts the brethren and sisters on Sundays, or at "week-night's prayer-meetin'"; and prepares them for immersion and communion.

There was silence as the crowd gathered around the grave, the coffin was lowered, and then the leader spoke; at first his voice was low; then, rising to that declamatory shout which so often carries the feelings captive; in the silence of the night, his words were distinctly audible. Familiarity with his dialect prevented with me what would have seemed ludicrous to a stranger.

He spoke of the deceased, of her earnest faith, her happy death, and told them to imitate her good example and religious virtues; it was well for them to weep, he said—not for the dear sister who had gone home to heaven, but for themselves and their sinfulness. In singularly vivid characters he described God's anger, and taxed his imagination to conjure up a fearful picture of the torments of hell to the unrepentant, if they refused to accept the gospel. Jesus wept, he said, over the tomb of Lazarus, and brought him back, but there was no Jesus to bring them back; and Sister Dinah was happy in her Father's house of "many mansions," in the "New Jerusalem."

He told them to be thankful for the light of the gospel—that they did not live in heathen darkness, and had the blessing of religious instruction; and at last he concluded with the following mingled terms of prayer and exhortation, that had strength and power in their very peculiarity:

"O Almighty God! open de doors, and break de windows of heaven, and let de blessed light shine down on dese poor sinners; clothe 'em in de garments of righteousness; gib 'em de robes of purity; lay dere heads on de pillar of faith when dey comes to die, and send down de hebbeny chariot to take 'em up from dis vale of tears, through de dark valley, to rest by de throne of God, in Araham's bosom." Then he continued: "Oh! Lord Jesus, bless my young massas—gib 'em good counsel, and let 'em drink of de water of life; and bless my young missis—may she know de Lord dat bought her, and bring her alabaster box of ointment, and pour it out for de love of her massa Christ." As these words reached me, tears rolled down my cheeks, and unrestrained sobs echoed in response to the good man's prayer.

Another hymn was sung—one of Watts—whose tender notes, in their sweet pathos, fall like dew on the hearts both of monarch and slave.

"Why do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
To call them to his arms."

Many times since then have I listened to magnificent oratorios scientifically rendered by glorious voices; and in the "dim religious light," softened by stained-glass windows, have listened in cathedrals and churches to anthems splendidly sung by trained voices, mingled with the grand music of magnificent organs, that sent rolling out in soul-stirring strains the sublime compositions of Mozart, Beethoven, Handel and Haydn. I have heard prima donnas, in tones that seemed inspired, pour forth in triumphant strains, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," but in all those heavenly

harmonies there was not the exquisite pathos that breathed in that simple, sweet old hymn, as it rose by the banks of the river, under that moonlit sky, in the silent midnight, over Mammy Dinah's grave.

They ceased; the waving lights were extinguished; the pine trees, that had looked like giant phantoms in the flickering glare, went out in a great gloom, which covered the forest like a pall. Then there came the tread of footsteps on the path near the house as the crowd returned, with a subdued murmur of voices, and an occasional ejaculation of "Lord Jesus!" "He knows!" "God have mercy!" "His will be done!"

They passed, and I was alone with night, in its silent beauty: but the scene seems before me still in all its picturesque and weird beauty, while those sounds of prayer and praise are ever vibrating in memory their thrilling echoes still.

So much for one side of the aspect in which funerals among the colored people present themselves; but there are startling contrasts to the scene I have portrayed, in which will be found more of the ridiculous than the sublime. I will not give details, but only sketch outlines of another class of funerals, sometimes styled a "false burying," where the body has long been interred without ceremony; but the grave is said to be, figuratively, "open" till the funeral festivities (as they are in effect) take place, months, and sometimes several years, after the person's death.

Frequently, several families would agree and "lump" their funerals, of perhaps four or five at one time. Then there were imposing preparations made weeks beforehand; friends and relatives gathered from considerable distances; good cheer was provided in unlimited quantities, and also drinks, that were decidedly strong and by no means good, to judge from their bad effects.

On such occasions, the spirits of wine proved more potent in its influence than the spirits divine, which should preside over such scenes.

First, there were praying, singing, preaching; then followed refreshments; then the crowd went off into that semi-religious frenzy termed by them "getting happy," in which state the performance resembled that of the "dancing dervishes" of the East. They would sway their bodies violently, then spring up and jump until they sank back in utter exhaustion, singing loudly all the while this performance lasted; those in the happy condition described were called the "shouters." Finally, the so-styled funeral waxed into a most furious frolic, ending, after the Irish "wake" fashion, in fighting; fists and "shillalahs" doing heavy duty upon heads that, next morning, presented very prominent "bumps," which would not be recognised by phrenologists. After one of these religious frolics, one of the principal "exhorters" appeared with a cloth tied around his forehead, concealing one eye; of course, I asked, "Uncle Jack, what's the matter to-day?" "Got a monstrous misery in my head; I cum for to git missis to gie me sum camfer to help it!" This with interjectional grunts and groans.

Then a woman approached with limping gait. "Aunt Ceeley, are you feeling sick?" "Yes, Miss Nellie; I've got de rumatiz in my hip mity bad; it keep me onrestles all las' night. I cum to missis to gie me some spericks o' tur-cletine an' ile to rub it wid; dat's all, bless de Lord!" This was the day after the funeral.

It was not uncommon for widows to postpone the deceased husband's obsequies until they were about to be married again; when, anxious to "lay the sperrit" of the departed, they at last went through a "false berryin'" with immense pomp, after which the second bridal precipitately took place.

We remember a remark to this effect: "I 'clar, missis, de Lord knows, it's a shame for Phillis to let Jake cum a-courtin' her, and den go ask massa for her, too, an' Juba's grave ain't never bin shet up yet!"

There is but one more illustration of the subject, referring especially to the "burying cake," always provided by the mistress. A faithful old woman, who had lived to a supernatural age, and was held in high repute both by black and white, requested her mistress to have a "burying cake" made for her beforehand, "cause she wanted to git de good un it herself," and was resolved to have the enjoyment of eating her own "berryin' cake;" while, with a look of malicious satisfaction at a small crowd of her friends near by, she added, "If dem darkies want to hav' any funerals ober Delphy, let 'em git cakes for deselves; dat's what dey'll hav' to do, tank God!" So the cake was duly made, presented, and enjoyed immensely, very greatly to the old woman's edification.

The illustration on page 245 evidently indicates a Fifteenth Amendment funeral of more modern fashion than those first described, which were ancient institutions of a past period, already ignored and partially forgotten, in the new light of the nineteenth-century doctrine of liberty, equality and fraternity.

"Chacun à son goût." Paris at present affords an unhappy illustration of what are sometimes its practical results.

We see in front of the picture a banner representing the standard of a Charleston Fireman's Association. With military precision the pall-bearers are seen carrying the coffin to a hearse, while in front the master of ceremonies enjoys the dignity of a little "brief authority;" the solemn situation expressed even in the subdued look of his side-whiskers.

In regular files on either side stand the members of the order to which the deceased belonged, their faces expressive of sympathy. Behind them a crowd has collected whose heterogeneous hats, caps, bonnets and other head-gear are as varied as their costumes and countenances. Near the hearse stand an old couple in awed silence; she with clasped hands and solemn, staring spectacles, he leaning on his cane in profound reverence, while the

lugubrious countenance of a lachrymose young dandy in their rear is partially concealed by his cap. In the corner opposite stands a jolly boy with hands in his pockets, evidently making a business of seeing that funeral through, before he resumes his vocation, which the general aspect of the outer man would suggest was loading, playing marbles, whistling when equal to the exertion, and, *ad interim*, taking naps to help him in the heavy business of killing time.

We are happy to dismiss funeral subjects, and hope they have been dismissed to the satisfaction of our readers.

#### OUR INDIAN VISITORS.

Among the chiefs who lately visited Washington, and were taken thence to New York and Boston, are those whose portraits are presented herewith. Little Raven, Bird Chief, and Little Robe are well known, personally or by reputation, to those who have visited the upper waters of the Platte and Arkansas Rivers. The first is chief of the Arrapahoe Indians, while the others are Cheyennes. They all have the dignified bearing peculiar to the red men; and in their visits to the great cities of the Atlantic Coast they have conducted themselves as though all their lives accustomed to paved streets and magnificent buildings. Little Raven is the most famous of the trio, as he has associated quite freely with the settlers in Colorado ever since the gold discoveries of 1858. He has almost always been on good terms with them, and in several instances he prevented outbreaks of his people, who wished to avenge real or fancied injuries. In 1860, he received a medal from President Buchanan, and has been honored in other ways by the military commanders on the Plains. When speaking of the future of his people, Little Raven is always despondent, as he plainly sees that the Indian is doomed to destruction, and that a few generations at furthest will see the race extinct.

Our last issue contained an account of the visit of these vermilion strangers up to their reception at Cooper Institute in this city. On June 6th, the party were received in Tremont Temple, Boston, where one of their number, Buffalo Goad, made a speech disparaging the President. Our duplications of the fine photographs, obtained by Gurney during the transit of these singular visitors, are full of the peculiar and best character of the Indian race. The savages, even in their new and oddly-worn "store-clothes," preserve much of the native dignity of the aboriginal man; Little Robe and Little Raven have even something of the benevolence and reasonableness that have marked their latter career; while Bird Chief, with his air of abstraction and hauteur, resembles a meditative Dante of the West.

#### SCIENTIFIC.

DR. VOELCKE calls attention to the use of spongy iron as a deodorizing material of greater potency than animal charcoal. Sewage water passed through a filter of this substance is completely purified, and this filtered water, after having been kept six months protected from the air, was perfectly sweet, and free from any fungus growth. The spongy iron is obtained by calcining a finely divided iron ore with charcoal.

G. BISCHOF, of Bonn, Prussia, has invented an apparatus for testing metals. The method of testing the quality of malleable metals and alloys consists in bending strips thereof alternately in contrary directions until they fracture, the number of times they are bent being duly recorded; whereby a trustworthy and accurate indication is obtained of the quality of the metal relative to standard measurements previously ascertained.

At the annual meeting of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, held on April 11th, various communications upon a variety of subjects of interest were presented. The most important paper read was one by Colonel Foster, upon the subject of "Artesian Wells," in which an account was given of the principal borings that have been attempted in the West, with a statement of their geological relationships, and the depth to which they were carried.

It will be gratifying to human pride to know, on the authority of Mr. Darwin, that "the early progenitors of man were, no doubt, once covered with hair, both sexes having beards; their ears were pointed, and capable of movement; and their bodies were provided with a tail, having the proper muscles. Their limbs and bodies were also acted on by many muscles which now only occasionally reappear, but are normally present in the *Quadrumanus*."

It may not be generally known how very valuable borax is in various purposes of household use. It is the very best cockroach exterminator yet discovered. One half-pound has completely cleared a large house, formerly swarming with them, so that the appearance of one in a month is quite a novelty. The various exterminating powders puffed and advertised have been found not fully effective, tending rather to stupefy the cockroaches than to kill them. There is something peculiar, either in the smell or touch of borax, which is certain death to them. They will flee in terror from it, and never appear again where it has once been placed. It is also a great advantage that borax is perfectly harmless to human beings; hence no danger from poisoning.

At the meeting of the American Association, Professor A. Winchell presented a brief note on the subject of Bog-Iron. It related to the occurrence of enormous beds of bog-iron in the upper peninsula of Michigan, on the tributaries of the Monistique River. It occurs in a half-desiccated bog covering several townships. It is of remarkable purity, and of great, but unknown depth. It lies directly in the track of the projected railroad intended to connect the North Pacific Railroad with the railroad system of Michigan. The ore can be floated down the Monistique and its tributaries to Lake Michigan, in the immediate vicinity of an excellent harbor. This immense deposit is undoubtedly derived from the disintegration of the hematites and magnetites of the contiguous region and the West. The ore will possess great value for mixing with the other Lake Superior ores.

#### PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

JULES MIREX, the Paris banker, is dead.

GERMANY has nineteen zoological gardens.

SUPERIOR plate-glass is manufactured at Lenox, Mass.

MR. SPURGEON, the London exhorter, continues very ill.

NEGROES are to be placed on the Cincinnati police force.

ELEVEN white girls married colored men in Boston last year.

THE thirty-fourth year of Queen Victoria's reign ends June 20th.

EVERY seventh person in London is in receipt of public charity.

BOSTON'S free public baths were opened for the season on the 1st inst.

A GLASS of soda-water, with syrup, costs the manufacturers a cent and a quarter.

NEW ORLEANS makes sixteen tons of ice a day with four machines, costing \$25,000.

AN association for the protection of emigrants was organized at Graz, Austria, May 5th.

AT Vienna, a World's Fair will be held in 1873, for which preparations are already making.

SWEDES are emigrating to Louisiana, Georgia, and other Southern States, and are much liked.

THE house of the Rothschilds will celebrate its centennial this year, having been founded in 1771.

WILLIAM W. CORCORAN, Esq., of Washington, is recovering, and took carriage exercise on June 7th.

THE fashion of bonnet worn by draught-horses, to protect them from sunstroke, remains the same as last season.

ONE of the Siamese twins has a deaf and dumb daughter at the Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, in Raleigh, N. C.

THE New Orleans Academy of Sciences has offered three prizes, of \$100, \$50, and \$25, for collections of Louisiana entomology.

THE pigeon-killing industry is so thriving in Wisconsin, that from 10,000 to 30,000 birds are daily forwarded on the midnight trains East.

PHILADELPHIANS have invited the New York Yacht Club to sail for a \$2,000 cup, off Cape May, on the Fourth of July. The offer has been accepted.

It is announced, on excellent authority, that more than half a million pounds of willow-leaf were made up at Shanghai last season, and palmed off as green tea.

THE receipts of the association for the completion of the famous cathedral of Cologne, Germany, during the first quarter of this year, amounted to \$15,025 in gold.

GLAIS-BIZOIN, a member of the French Provisional Government after the overthrow of the Second Empire, is at present the inmate of a lunatic asylum near Bordeaux.

LONDON is swarming with visitors. There are about 80,000 Germans now there, about 150,000 French, about 80,000 of other continental countries, and about 10,000 Americans.

THE head-masterships of the great public schools in England are very valuable. Eton is worth about \$30,000, with a large residence; Harrow, the same; Rugby, about \$20,000.

WILMINGTON, Del., rejoices, because the census shows that, during the past ten years, it has overtaken and passed the cities of Portland, Me., Savannah, Ga., and New Bedford, Mass.

THE Italian Chamber of Deputies has resolved that the city of Florence be indemnified by the sum of \$227,173 in gold and divers state buildings, for the removal of the capital of Italy to Rome.

PAUL KONEWKA, so well known in this country by his silhouettes of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Faust," died May 10th, at Berlin, of disease of the lungs, after severe suffering for months.

THE grave of Thaddeus Stevens is unmarked, and so densely was it covered with rank grass on Decoration Day, that those who came to place flowers upon it with difficulty could ascertain the locality.

In the same article, recently, the *Liberal Christian* printed the names Robert Collier and Robert Collier, Robert Laird Collier and Robert Laird Collier. Now, are both *l* or *y*? or either *l* or *y*? and if so, which?

HON. WILLIAM KELLY, of this State, has given to the Cornell University a very valuable collection of mathematical works, the collection of which has occupied a long lifetime and the outlay of considerable sums of money.

E pur si muove. Rosa Mediai, who, with her husband, Francesco Mediai, was thrown into prison for reading the Scriptures in Florence twenty years ago, died in that city on the 28th of March last, at the age of seventy-five.

THE rates of interest paid by the savings banks of California vary according to the character of the deposits, ranging from six per cent. on short to twelve per cent. on permanent deposits, although some institutions pay ten per cent. on all classes.

THE grasshopper, having become something too much of a burden in Utah, the ingenious Mormons have contrived a machine to make it hot for him. It is drawn by two horses, cuts a swath through the hoppers a rod wide, and makes hash of all that he in its way.

MR. CYRUS W. FIELD, of the Atlantic Cable Companies, has purchased for \$50,000 a one-third interest in the stock of our wide-awake and brilliant contemporary, the *Evening Mail*, which will henceforth have special cable dispatches from all round the world.

Among the retreating Americans of the present Spring we are half-sorry to mention Mr. Morris Phillips, the universally popular editor of the *Home Journal*. His many friends will be grieved to lose him, though they may be consoled in the thought that his absence will not be a very prolonged one, and that he will be sure to make it redound in some way to the interest and improvement of the *Journal*. Mr. Phillips sails, accompanied by his charming wife, June 24th, in the steamship *France*.

THE third annual exhibition of the National Photographic Association of the United States has just closed at Philadelphia, after a week's session. The display this year has been unusually fine, every branch of the art being fully represented, and signs of great improvement being everywhere visible. As an additional attraction, Professor Morton delivered two lectures on "Light," which he illustrated with many beautiful experiments, and Mr. J. Black, of Boston, exhibited with the Magic Lantern some interesting transparencies. We especially noticed the display of apparatus, etc., by the Scovell Manufacturing Company, of this city (of which Mr. W. Irving Adams is Manager). For excellence and elegance of manufacture they stand unrivaled, both in this country and in Europe.





PARIS.—THE LAST EFFORTS OF THE COMMUNISTS TO HOLD THE CITY—BROUGHT TO BAY ON THE HEIGHTS OF MONTMARTRE.

## THE COMMUNISTS ON MONTMARTRE.

We publish a view representing the stand of the Communist forces around the mill of La Galette, on the crest of Montmartre, at the time when the forces of General L'Admirault swept around the elevation from behind and surprised them. We abridge from the French journal *Le Moniteur*:

"It was the Grenier division of L'Admirault's corps which, after having swept up the scattered Federals remaining in the Boulevard Clichy and Saint Ouen, and taken 105 cannon in its march, had ascended by the Rue du Rouleau and the Rue Gérardon, without finding any one to resist it, and succeeded in penetrating to the plateau, which it found quite undefended. Despair thereupon seized the Federals. They only thought of flying along the streets which remained open to them on the side of La Chapelle."

## THE LATE WILLIAM E. CHAMBERS.

MR. WILLIAM E. CHAMBERS, P.G., one of the most prominent of the founders of Odd Fellowship in New York State, died in Brooklyn, May 30th, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. He was a member of a large family, distinguished for its unqualified support of the principles of the Order, and at the time of his death was

the oldest Odd Fellow in the United States, and, probably, in the world. He was born in the borough of Southwark, London, January 17th, 1783, and was initiated into the Order in 1801.

the lodge proceeded to business; the first transaction being to supply an important deficiency in the staff of officers; the landlord was the first candidate, when he was duly installed into

to Sackett's Harbor, on Lake Ontario, to aid in the construction of the vessels built in the Navy Yard there for Commodore Chauncey's fleet. He remained in this service during the war, receiving a severe wound, which lamed him for life; and when he returned to New York, in 1815, the lodge had suspended its operations.

He was admitted into Getty's Lodge, No. 11, of New York, on the 20th of August, 1844, and remained a zealous member as long as his age would permit.

The obsequies, on June 4th, were largely attended by the fraternity of New York, Brooklyn, and New Jersey, in the hall of Stella Lodge, Brooklyn. Among the distinguished members of the Order present were: Past Grand Sires Kennedy and Sanders; Grand Representative Ross; Grand Masters Hubbard, Swanton, and Langdon; Grand Patriarchs Gardner and Bennett; Past Grands Nowell, Oswald, Beardsley, Sutter, and others. An impressive memorial address was delivered by the Rev. E. C. Bolles, who took occasion to allude, in an eloquent manner, to the blessed attribute of brotherly sympathy. The remarks of the distinguished clergyman created a most favorable impression. At the grave, at Cypress Hills, the usual ritualistic ceremonies of the Order on such occasion were conducted by Past Grand Master Small; after which the congregated Brotherhood deposited on the bier the evergreen emblems of remembrance, and the funeral cortege then returned to the city.



THE LATE WILLIAM E. CHAMBERS, P. G., THE OLDEST ODD FELLOW IN THE UNITED STATES. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CRAFT &amp; FERRY.

uniting with Westminster Grand Lodge, located on the other side of the Thames, and subsequently passed all the chairs. With his father and eldest brother, he came to this country in 1805, and established himself in that part of the city then known as Manhattan Island, located in the eastern part of the Eleventh Ward. The Chamberses soon became distinguished as the builders of the best row-boats of the day—the well-remembered White Hall boats.

On December 23, 1806, after much labor, the "Shakespeare Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows" was organized in a tavern at No. 17 Fair Street (now No. 135 Fulton), by the following-named persons: Solomon Chambers, N.G.; John C. Chambers, V.G.; William E. Chambers, R.H.S. of N.G.; William Twaites, L.H.S. of N.G.; William Westphal, Guardian. Thus organized,

the indispensable office of Host—an officer which no well-regulated lodge could at that time do without; while at this time, no lodge in the country would know what to do with him.

The lodge continued to meet at the Shakespeare Tavern, until 1808, when, owing to the removal of the "Shakespeare" to No. 53 Nassau Street, the lodge was removed to the "Ring of Bells," No. 70 Wall Street (Coffee House Slip), kept by Brother James Spencer; and the next year, to the Trafalgar House, No. 11 Gold Street, kept by Brother John Edgerly; whence it was removed to the house of Brother William Moore, sign of "The Red Cow," No. 46 Cedar, corner of Temple Street, where Brother Chambers left it in session in the year 1812; when, at the call of his adopted country, he repaired



NEW YORK.—HOME FOR SAILORS' CHILDREN, 45 DOVER STREET.—SEE EDITORIAL PAGE.



NEW YORK.—MONUMENT TO THE LATE JAMES W. LINGARD, CYPRESS HILLS CEMETERY.



## THE LINGARD MONUMENT.

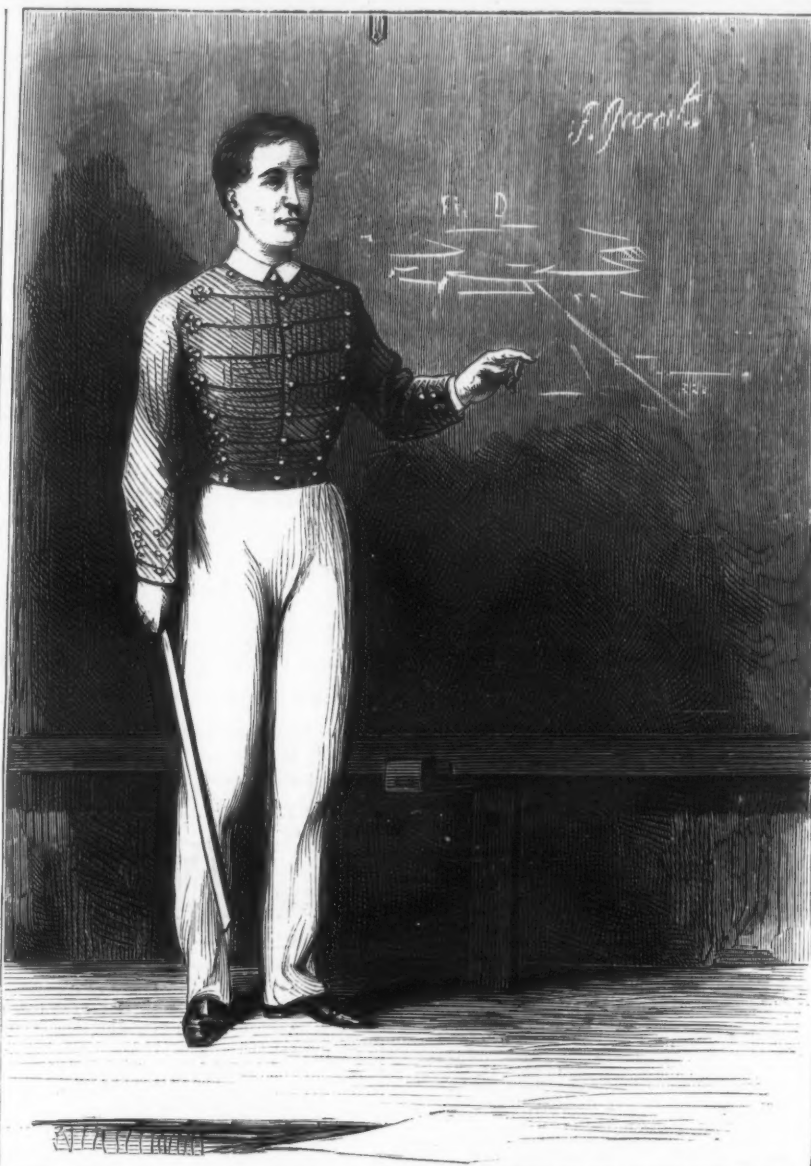
It will be remembered that some time since a memorial performance was given for the purpose of raising funds to erect a suitable monument to the memory of the late James W. Lingard, proprietor, with Mr. Fox, of the New Bowery Theatre in this city. The proceeds of this performance having been judiciously expended by the committee entrusted with the undertaking, the result can be witnessed at the marble-yard of Messrs. Brady Brothers, No. 1146 and 1148 Broadway, where a very tasteful monument has been completed, which, after a few days more of exhibition, will be placed over Mr. Lingard's remains at Cypress Hills Cemetery.

## THE LUCKY MEMBRANE.

Who would not have good fortune, immunity from the dangers of the sea, freedom from the perils of the land, and, in fact, invulnerability against all the accidental ills to which mankind is subject? Every one, surely. And yet the means for obtaining all these benefits are obliged to be advertised in newspapers, before customers can be obtained for them. And the price, too, is so ridiculously low for such valuable specifics, that we wonder all the world does not outbid itself in an endeavor to secure the precious safeguards.

The lucky charms which have power to work so much good, by averting so much evil, are named caul, and are membranes that cover the heads of some children at their births. This membrane, scientifically called the amnion and the netha, has had, from the earliest times, the reputation of being powerful to avert misfortune from its possessor; and to come into the world with a caul on the head is considered to be a most lucky circumstance. Great virtues are supposed to attend upon the possession of such a membrane; for instance, and in particular, safety from shipwrecks and drownings, and similar hap-hazard calamities by water. Thus it happens that mariners most frequently endeavor to obtain children's cauls.

Aelius Lampridius, a Latin historian of the fourth century, in his history of the Emperor Antoninus Diadumenianus, gives an instance of the great good fortune attending one born with this natural cowl. Majolus attributes to the Roman lawyers the belief that the possession of a child's caul would make them eloquent and triumphant in their suits and pleadings. The superstition was very prevalent in the primitive ages of the Church; and Saint Chrysostom inveighs against it in several of his homilies. He is most severe against one Prætas, a clergyman, who, like many of his cloth, being desirous of having good fortune, bought a caul of a midwife. Perhaps if he had had a call of another description, he might not have required the aid of such factitious means. This membrane was sold for medical and magical uses. The superstitious belief in its virtue obtains in the East; and



WEST POINT, N. Y.—EXAMINATION OF CADET GRANT—HE DISPLAYS HIS KNOWLEDGE OF HIS FATHER'S BATTLES.—SEE PAGE 241.

there are several names for the article in the Arabic language. Credulity on this subject is equally prevalent in France, where having a caul is accounted a guarantee of good fortune. The French proverbially say of a lucky man, *Il est né coiffé*; and another of their expres-

sions, *Etre né coiffé*, signifies that the person to whom it is applied is extremely fortunate. The old Scotch name for the caul was, silly or sely how; meaning, the holy or fortunate cap or hood.

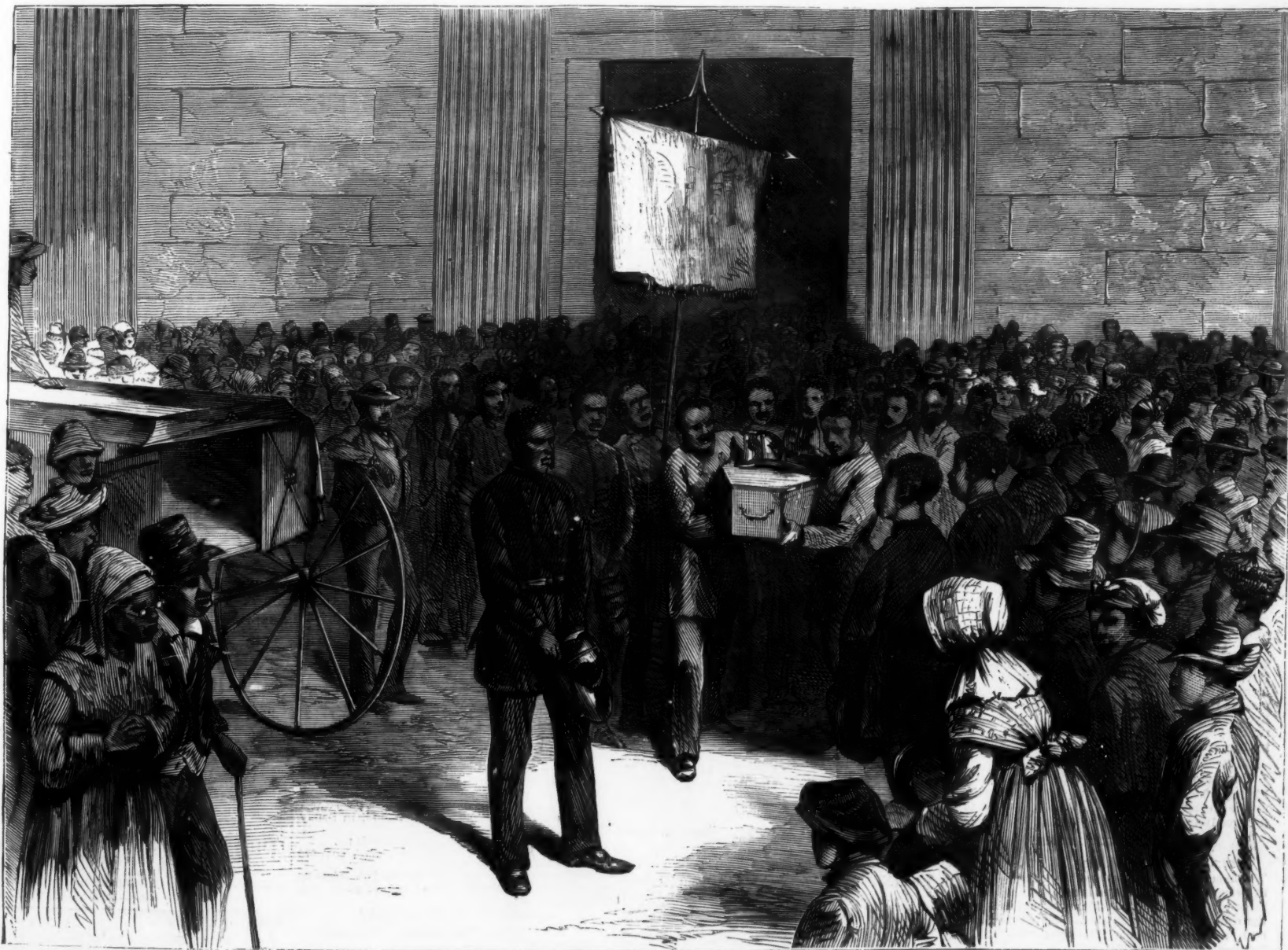
Levinus Lemnius says, if the caul be of a blackish color it is an omen of ill-fortune to the child who is born with it, but if it be of a reddish hue it betokens everything good. In the "Athenian Oracle" we are told, "Some would persuade us that such as are born with caul about their heads are not subject to the miseries and calamities of humanity as other persons; are to expect all good fortune, even so far as to become invulnerable, provided they be always careful to carry it about them. Nay, if it should by chance be lost or surreptitiously taken away, the benefit of it would be transferred to the party that found it." Face says to Dapper, in Ben Jonson's "Alchemist," "Yo' were born with a cawl o' your head." Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," written in 1621, speaks "Of a silly, jealous fellow, that, seeing his child new-born, included in a kell (meaning a caul), thought sure a Franciscan, that used to come to his house, was the father of it (it was so like the friar's cowl), and thereupon threatened the friar to kill him."

The will of Sir John Offley, knight, of Madeley Manor, Staffordshire, which was proved at Doctors' Commons, on May 20th, 1658, contains the following singular bequest of a family caul, which was carefully preserved in a casket of enameled gold, and left as heirloom by the testator:

"Item, I will and devise one jewel done all in gold enameled, wherein there is a caul that covered my face and shoulders when I first came into the world, the use thereof to my loving daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Jenny, so long as she shall live; and after her decease, the use likewise thereof to her son, Offley Jenny, during his natural life; and after his decease, to my own right heirs male for ever; and so from heir to heir, to be left so long as it shall please God of his goodness to continue any heir male of my name, desiring the same jewel be not concealed nor sold by any of them."

Grose says that a person possessed of a caul may know the state of the health of the individual who was born with it; for if he be alive and well, it is firm and crisp, but if he be dead or sick, it is relaxed and flaccid.

It is not an uncommon thing to see children's cauls advertised in the newspapers for sale. Brand gives examples of such advertisements. In 1779 this magic membrane, this film of power, this fairy godmother's precious gift, was offered in London for twenty guineas; in 1813 for twelve pounds; in 1835 for ten guineas; and lately we saw one offered for five pounds; and another for thirty shillings. Good fortune is certainly going begging, when we find it tendered in a portable form for the small sum of one sovereign and a half. But then this seven dollar specific was announced to be "not quite



CHARLESTON, S. C.—A FIREMAN'S FUNERAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 242.



perfect," hence probably its very low price. Perhaps the semi-happy, half-safe purchaser of it, deceived by a penny-wise economy, may some day find himself like Achilles—inulnerable in every part except his heel.

Before leaving the city for their Summer retreats, our citizens would do well to have their jewels, precious stones, furs and camel-hair shawls deposited for safe-keeping in the fire and burglar-proof safe of Ball, Black & Co., the well-known silversmiths. The very high reputation enjoyed by the firm, and the remarkable precaution observed in this department, render Ball, Black & Co. the most reliable custodians of such valuable properties. The safe now contains a large collection of packages owned by parties in Europe which have been under the strictest watch for more than ten years. An examination of the department, which will be readily accorded the public, will convince the most cautious of the security and care to which their deposits will be subjected. The system of watching is of a very interesting and effective character, being of the high order necessary for the protection of small and valuable wares.

MESSES. H. O'NEILL & Co., 327 and 229 Sixth Avenue, N. Y., are importers and retailers of all the latest novelties in French and English millinery. Their beautiful new store abounds with charming designs in chip round hats, chip bonnets, Leghorns, turbans, etc. In kid gloves, French flowers, and sash ribbons—the latter stock having just been increased by an exquisite assortment, valued at over Five Thousand Dollars—the most *riche* varieties are exhibited. The lace department is also replete with elegance, while the quality and price must secure the patronage of the elite. New designs in Swiss muslin overdresses, and suits in Victoria lawn, piqué, and nainsook, offer additional attractions to the numerous patrons of this enterprising firm. The ladies will "Go to O'NEILL'S."

YEAST POWDERS that will not sour speedily after being exposed to the air, have been sought by housekeepers and parties traveling, when fresh supplies cannot always be obtained; and the want is relieved by the introduction of Dooley's Powders. No preparation for giving sweetness, lightness, and a fine flavor to batter has won a success so quick and deserved as this. The Powders are admirably suited to the requirements of travelers by land and sea, and will impart a most toothsome delicacy to bread, biscuits and cakes.

THE EUREKA STAMP, manufactured by J. G. Moody, 68 Trinity Building, New York, possesses an advantage of great worth not represented in any other stamp. It not only perforates checks and drafts by a very easy action, but it also cuts neatly into the paper the exact amount in dollars and cents for which they are drawn. By the use of this simple stamp many impositions and mistakes may be avoided by business men, and they may rest assured that no alteration of the amount can be made after the papers have been cut.

NEARLY every advertiser, who makes advertising pay, contracts through a responsible Agency, experience having taught them to avail themselves of the services of those who have made the business a study. The Agency of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York, is the most competent in the country, and many of the largest advertisers make all their contracts through them.

If you would have New Life, New Blood, and renewed vigor, use HELMBOLD'S GRAPE PILLS. Purify the Blood and Beautify the Complexion by the use of HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA. They are no cheap patent medicines, but thoroughly Pharmaceutical, and are not equalled by any English or French preparation.

IF PEOPLE WHO SUFFER from the dull stupidity that meets us everywhere in Spring, and too often in all seasons of the year, knew how quick it could be cured by taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to purge the bile from their systems, we should have better neighbors as well as clearer heads to deal with.

The use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer brings new hair upon bald heads, if the hair follicles are not wholly destroyed. Try it.

I HAVE used a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine in my family for seven years; it has never been out of order, and I prefer it to any other make. I cheerfully recommend it to all who need a first-class sewing-machine.

MRS. W. WRIGHT,  
1151 South Tenth St., Philadelphia.

"ZOELAYON."—This palatable oxygenated Cod Liver Oil cures Cancer and diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Blood and Skin, when all other remedies fail. Large bottles, \$1.50; small, 25 cts. Benj. B. Rotton & Co., Cloverline Chemical Works, Brooklyn, N. Y. 820-23

A Lady who was 26, was taken for 18 after a few weeks' use of Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon her face, neck and hands. It is perfectly harmless—obliterates coarse pimples, tan, sallowness, etc., and makes the complexion very beautiful. So does Lyon's Katharon hair. It has been tested for twenty years; is the best hair-preserver and dressing in the world. 820-23

CHROMOS and Frames, Stereoscopes, Albums, Photographic Materials and Graphoscopes, imported and manufactured by E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 501 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

SOLID GOLD AND SOLID SILVER.—We sell Waltham Watches in Gold and Silver Cases only, but at prices so low, that there is no longer any inducement to purchase the worthless watches with which the country has been flooded. For full particulars and prices, send for our Illustrated Price List, and mention that you saw this notice in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. HOWARD & CO., No. 865 Broadway, New York. The new "Boys' Watch" is now ready.

## H. O'NEILL & Co.,

327 & 329 SIXTH AVE. & TWENTIETH ST.,  
IMPORTERS OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH MILLINERY GOODS.

### NOW OPENING,

One case of CHIP ROUND HATS, which will be sold for \$2.50; same goods as sold on Broadway for \$3. Also, one case of CHIP BONNETS. New shapes in LEGHORN HATS, LEGHORN BONNETS, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

### Go to O'NEILL'S for Straw Goods.

Black Hair Turbans, \$1.50; sold elsewhere for \$3. Black, Brown, Drab and White English Milan Turbans. Real Pamela Bonnets, \$3.74 and \$4; worth \$6. Neapolitan Round Hats and Bonnets of the newest shapes, from 90c. to \$1.50. Real Waterproof Round Hats and Bonnets, etc.; sold on Broadway for \$1.50.

### Go to O'NEILL'S for Ribbons.

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS worth of very choice SASH RIBBONS, just received, from 75c. Gros-grain Bonnet Ribbons, Nos. 9, 12 and 18, all the new Spring Shades. 50 Cartons of Black Plaid, reduced from \$1.25 to 85c. 25 Cartons of Plaid Sash Ribbons, 50c., 55c., 75c. to \$1. Job lot of 7-inch Black French Gros-grain Sash Ribbons for \$1, \$1.15 and \$1.20; worth \$2 per yard, gold.

### Go to O'NEILL'S for French Flowers.

Roses, Montures, Garlands, Vines, Leaves. Ostrich Tips and Pompons in new Spring shades.

### Go to O'NEILL'S,

And examine the new department of made-up LACE GOODS,

White Lawn Suits, \$5 upward; White Overskirts and Sacques, \$5 upward; Gulpure Lace Sacques, \$3.75; Valenciennes Lace Collars, Lace Sleeves, Lace Sets, Lace Handkerchiefs.

Our prices will be found to be fifty per cent. lower than Broadway prices. All goods made on the premises. Special attention given to orders.

Gulpure Laces, Thread Laces, Dotted Nets, Vails, Trimming Laces.

### Go to O'NEILL'S for

Parasols, Sun Umbrellas, lined and unlined; Buff Parasols, 50c., 55c., 75c., 85c.; Silk Sun Umbrellas, \$1.35 to \$3; Silk Pongee, lined, \$2, \$2.45 to \$3.20. 100 dozens of Lupin's Kid Gloves, two buttons, \$1.25; best goods in the city for the price. Latest novelties in Spring Scarfs and Ties.

Windsor Scarfs, Crêpe de Chine, Silk Scarfs, at 50c., formerly 95c.

Everything marked in plain figures.

H. O'NEILL & CO.,

327 and 329 Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street.

## MEARES' PARAGON SHIRTS, made

to order of best materials, and

WARRANTED TO FIT.

Sent by express, C. O. D., to any part of the country at the following rates:

6 Shirts, good muslin and linen fronts, \$9.  
6 Shirts, better muslin and good linen, \$10.50.  
6 Shirts, Masonville muslin and fine linen, \$12.  
6 Shirts, Wamsutta muslin and very fine linen, \$13.50.  
6 Shirts, New York Mills and best linen, \$15.  
Directions for measurement forwarded on application. RICHARD MEARES,  
Corner Sixth Avenue and Nineteenth Street.

## For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan,

USE PERRY'S MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. 808-20

\$10 a Day—Business entirely new. Circulars free. Address J. C. RAND & CO., Bideford, Me. 817-29

Barry's Safe Hair Dye WAS PREPARED at the urgent request of many who had lost their health by using the Lead preparations. BARRY'S HAIR DYE is safe; it contains no Lead, Sulphur, nor Lime.

\$375 A MONTH—Horse and outfit furnished. Address, NOVELTY CO., Saco, Me. 812-63

AGENTS WANTED, to sell the most interesting and exciting book of the day; 500 pages and 1,000 illustrations—"THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD."

WANTED—AGENTS (\$20 per day) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the under-feed, makes the "lock stitch" (like on both sides), and is fully licensed. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address, JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

\$50 PER WEEK TO AGENTS, male or female. L. L. GARSIDE, Paterson, N. J. 718-21

### F. STANG,

IMPORTER OF HUMAN HAIR-WORK, HATS and FLOWERS, CHATELAIN BRAIDS, from \$8 up. HATS, BONNETS and HAIR ORNAMENTS, at the above establishment, at very reasonable rates. 623 SIXTH AVENUE, Between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Streets.

LARGEST DAILY CIRCULATION IN THE UNITED STATES.—THE NEW YORK DAILY NEWS has the largest circulation of any Daily Newspaper in the United States. Week ending June 3, its circulation amounted to 627,870; average per day, 104,641. The circulation of the DAILY NEWS is more than the circulation of all the other New York evening papers combined.

PAINTER'S MANUAL.—A complete and practical guide, giving best methods and latest improvements in house and sign-painting, graining, varnishing, polishing, staining, gliding, glazing, silvering, Grecian oil-painting, Chinese and Oriental painting, principles of glass-staining, analysis of colors, harmony and contrast, philosophy, theories and practices of color, etc. Also, Practical Paper-Hanging. 50 cents of book-sellers, or JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau Street, New York.



NEW YORK.

## SUMMER SHAWLS.

"PARIS GRENADINE," "CHALLIE," "BAREGE," "CREPE MARETZ," and SHETLANDS; TOGETHER WITH A FINE STOCK OF ALL OTHER THIN SUMMER SHAWLS

NOW IN VOGUE

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Also,

INDIA CAMEL'S HAIR SHAWLS, THE FINEST ASSORTMENT IN THE CITY, AND AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Large deductions have been made in all their

## DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENTS,

3,000 pieces FRENCH PRINTED JACONETS at 15c. 1,000 pieces FRENCH PRINTED ORGANDIES at 25c. ENGLISH PRINTS at 18c. and 25c. FRENCH BAREGES, WOOL-FILLED, at 12½c. BROCHE and STIPED GRENADINES at 20c.; former price 35c. SILK CHAIN GRENADINES, 25c.; former price 40c. SILK WARP POPLINS at 75c. And ALL STYLES OF BRITISH AND FRENCH DRESS GOODS

AT PROPORTIONATELY LOW PRICES.

A large and choice selected stock of SUITS, MANTILLAS AND PALETOTS, Imported and our own make, all of which will be offered at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.



## FOR ONE DOLLAR.

A PAIR OF PARIS KID GLOVES, any color, shade or size; 2 buttons, 25 cts. extra. For \$1—The latest style Ladies' Lace Collar. For \$1—A Lady's Lace Handkerchief. For \$1—The latest style Lace Vail. For \$1—The Ladies' Nilsson Silk Tie. For \$1—A Lady's Silk Sash.

Will be sent by Mail. JAMES E. MCNALLY & CO., IMPORTERS, 349 Broadway and 28 White St., N. Y.

Invalids' Traveling Chairs, From \$15 to \$40. FOR IN AND OUTDOOR USE. Any one having use of the hand can propel and guide one. Having no use of the hands, any child of five years can push a grown person about. Patent Sedan Carrying Chairs. State your case, and send stamp for circular. STEPHEN W. SMITH, 90 William St., New York. Invalids' carriages to order.

## RUSSIAN TURKISH BATHS,

GIBSON'S BUILDING, Corner Broadway and Thirteenth Street.

THESE BATHS ARE THE LARGEST and most complete in the city. They combine the best features of the two most noted and valuable systems of bathing—the Russian and Turkish. The Russian, in the application of vapor and the manner of cleansing the skin, together with a series of douches and plunges, thus effecting relaxation and reaction, producing a powerful and invigorating tonic effect. The Turkish, in the luxurious shampooing of the whole body.

The use of cold water does not involve such violent shocks as is generally supposed. There is no discomfort attending the process; but, on the contrary, the sensations produced are of so pleasing a nature as to render these baths the means of real luxury.

### HOURS OF BATHING:

From 7 A. M. to 9 P. M.; and on Sundays, from 7 A. M. to 12 M.

### DAYS FOR LADIES:

Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.

## FISHERMEN!

Twines and Netting,

MANUFACTURED BY

WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,

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TWO STORIES BETTER THAN YOU ever read, or will ever have a chance to read, has just begun in FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

BEN, THE BUCCANEER,

A Tale of strange and wild adventure, will begin in No. 244, ready June 14th.

"O'NEIL OF THE RED HAND,"

Our other Continued Story, has all the stir, excitement, peril, and dramatic style that boys enjoy. It is a story full of mystery and attraction. The characters are capital, and all will take a deep interest in Lady Ulrica O'Donnell, in Ormond, in Sandy the Scot, and Columbus.

Read one number, and you cannot give it up. The other Stories, Adventures, Sketches, etc., are all of the most interesting kind.

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FRANK LESLIE,

537 Pearl Street.

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In Elmira, N. Y.

\$375,000 IN PREMIUMS GIVEN AWAY TO SHAREHOLDERS.

234,000 TICKETS.

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Look at the Following List of Premiums:

Pattinson Market.....	\$100,000 00
Pattinson Hotel.....	50,000 00
One Valuable Farm.....	25,000 00
One Residence in 5th Ward, Elmira.....	15,000 00
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Ten Acres Land adj'g Corp'n, Elmira.....	15,000 00
400 City Lots in Elmira, at \$300.....	120,000 00
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One Set of Pearl Jewelry.....	1,000 00
One Gold Watch and Chain.....	1,000 00
One Ladies' Gold Watch and Chain.....	500 00
One Ladies' Gold Watch and Chain.....	200 00
30 Wilcox & Gibbs Sew'g Machs., at \$80.....	2,400 00
30 Wheeler & Wilson Sew. Machs., at \$80.....	2,400 00
20 Howe's Sewing Machines, at \$80.....	1,600 00
10 Singer's Sewing Machines, at \$80.....	800 00
10 Empire Sewing Machines, at \$80.....	800 00
One Steinway Piano.....	1,000 00
One Chickering & Sons' Piano.....	1,000 00
One Dunham & Sons' Piano.....	750 00
One Decker Brothers' Piano.....	750 00
10 Gold Watches, at \$300.....	3,000 00
10 Gold Watches, at \$250.....	2,500 00
10 Ladies' G'd Watches and Ch's, at \$200.....	2,000 00
10 Ladies' G'd Watches and Ch's, at \$150.....	1,500 00
101 Elgin Silver Watches, at \$75.....	7,575 00
100 Waltham Silver Watches, at \$50.....	5,000 00
200 Waltham Silver Watches, at \$40.....	8,000 00
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which will entitle the holder to one of either of the following Splendid Steel Engravings: GEN. U. S. GRANT, GEN. ROBERT E. LEE, M. M. ("Brick") POMEROY, EVANGELINE, and a COUNCIL OF WAR in 1861.

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Cribs and Cradles,

OF SUPERIOR STYLE AND FINISH. All furnished with a SPRING BOTTOM, requiring but one Mattress when in use.

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\$250 a Month easily made with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Secure Circular and Samples free. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt. 819-44

## "EL MUNDO NUEVO."

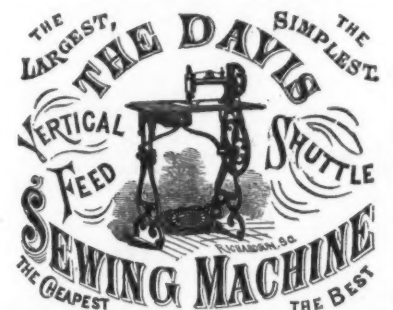
THE BEST SPANISH ILLUSTRATED paper, with the largest circulation. Published every fifteen days. Subscription, \$5 a year. Single number, 25 cents. All letters should be addressed, "EL MUNDO NUEVO," 537 Pearl Street.

TO THE LADIES.—A FASHION SUPPLEMENT, with 51 illustrations, many of them with several figures, and eight pages of Descriptive Fashion Matter, given gratis with FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, No. 316, and for sale everywhere.





**APRIL, MAY and JUNE**, purify the blood and beautify the complexion by using **HELMHOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE-JUICE PILLS**, and **HELMHOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA**. In the Spring and Summer months the system undergoes a change. This is the time to use good blood-renewing, purifying and invigorating medicines. "Helmhold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla" and "Helmhold's Fluid Extract Grape-Juice Pills" are the best and most reliable. One bottle of "Helmhold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla" equals in strength one gallon of the syrup or decoction as made by druggists; and a wine-glass full added to a pint of water equals the celebrated Lisbon Diet Drink—a delightful and healthful beverage. The "Grape-Juice Pill" is composed of Fluid Extract of Catawba Grape-Juice and Fluid Extract Rhubarb. Useful in all diseases requiring a cathartic remedy, and far superior to all other purgatives, such as salts, magnesia, etc. "Helmhold's Grape-Juice Pill" is not a patented pill, put up as those ordinarily vended, but the result of ten years' experimenting and great care in preparation. Safe for and taken by children. No nausea; no griping pains; but mild, pleasant, and safe in operation. Two bottles of the "Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla" and one bottle of the "Grape-Juice Pills" are worth their weight in gold to those suffering from bad blood, poor complexion, headache, nervousness, wakefulness at night, costiveness, and irregularities; and to those suffering from broken and delicate constitutions it will give new blood, new vigor, and new life. The "Catawba Grape Pills" are done up with great care, and in handsome bottles, and will surpass all those vended in wooden boxes, and carelessly prepared by inexperienced men, comparing with the English and French style of manufacturing. All of H. T. Helmhold's preparations are Pharmaceutical, not a single one being patented, but all on their own merits. Prepared by **H. T. HELMHOLD**, Practical and Analytical Chemist, **CRYSTAL PALACE PHARMACY, 594 Broadway, New York.** **PALACE PHARMACY, Gilsey House, Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street, New York.** **TEMPLE OF PHARMACY, Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, and 104 South-tenth Street, Philadelphia.** Prescriptions accurately compounded. French, German and Spanish spoken. **STORES OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.** P. S.—HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU has gained a world-wide fame. 814-65



Possesses all the desirable qualities of the Standard Machines in the market. In its Capacity—being the LARGEST Family Machine made. In its Simplicity—being composed of but THIRTEEN WORKING PARTS. In its Adaptability to a wide range of work. In its ease of operation—running light and quiet, and being easily comprehended. In its Superior Construction and Beauty of Style and Finish.

**BUT ITS PRINCIPAL FEATURE IS ITS VERTICAL FEED!!**

Which is the most practical and desirable device for the purpose possessed by any Machine, giving The Davis the preference, and which the Manufacturers claim, makes it

**SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER MACHINES.**

THE DAVIS has been before the public nearly Ten Years, and unlike other Machines, has not been puffed into notoriety, but in a quiet way has earned a great reputation on account of its many desirable qualities. Agents are desired in every County in the United States and Canada, not already occupied, to whom the most liberal terms known to the trade will be given, by addressing the Manufacturers, **THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, 808-18-cow Of Watertown, N. Y.**

**VINEGAR—HOW MADE in 10 HOURS.** without drugs. Particulars, 10 cts. F. SAGE, Cromwell, Conn. 809-21

**MAGIC FOR THE PARLOR.** Send Stamp for a Price-List. **HARTZ MAGIC REPOSITORY** Has Removed to **743 Broadway,** Nearly opposite his old Store.

**\$325 A MONTH!** Horse and carriage furnished. Expenses paid. **H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.** 813-25

**HUMBUG SQUELCHER**, exposing all swindles and humbugs by mail or otherwise, by the author of the famous book, "Rogues and Rogueries of New York." Samples free by mail on receipt of only ten cents, by **JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau Street, New York.**

**Neptune Steam Laundry.** OFFICES—148 East Fifth Street, and 275 West Twenty-third Street. BRANCH OFFICES—361 Broadway and 588 Sixth Avenue.

**FAMILY and GENTLEMEN'S** WASHING attended to in the finest style and with promptness. **PRICES MODERATE.** NO ACIDS OR CHEMICALS USED. Ladies' Clothing under special charge of an experienced woman. Goods called for and delivered FREE OF CHARGE. Orders by mail or otherwise receive immediate attention. **WE NEVER DISAPPOINT.** 11



**BROOKS' PERFECT-FITTING and ELEGANT** BOOTS and SHOES, for Ladies, Gentlemen, Boys and Children. The largest assortment of fine work in the city, at Low Prices. **NEW STORE, NEW STYLES. BROOKS, 575 BROADWAY, OPPOSITE METROPOLITAN HOTEL. New Store, 1,196 BROADWAY, CORNER TWENTY-NINTH STREET.** 817-29

**OFFICE OF WM. M. FLIESS & CO., No. 47 Broadway,**

New York, May 1st, 1871. We beg to inform correspondents and friends, of our removal to the warehouses **No. 47 Broadway and No. 107 Church St.,** Where we shall continue the business of **COMMISSION MERCHANTS, IMPORTERS OF BRANDIES, WINES, ETC., AND SHIPPERS. WM. M. FLIESS & CO.**

**REDUCTION of PRICES TO CONFORM TO REDUCTION OF DUTIES.** Great Saving to Consumers BY GETTING UP CLUBS.

Send for our New Price-List, and a Club-Form will accompany it, containing full directions—making a large saving to consumers, and remunerative to club organizers.

**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 31 & 33 VESEY STREET, New York.** P. O. Box 5,643.

**CIRCUS FREE!**—Any boy can teach his pets amusing and wonderful tricks by Haneys' Art of Training Animals. Tells all secrets of the profession, and explains all feats ever exhibited. 210 pages, 60 engravings, only 50 cents of booksellers, or **JESSE HANEY & Co., 119 Nassau Street, New York.**



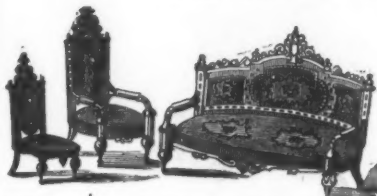
**BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION** by removing Pimples and all other disagreeable disorders of the skin. Twenty-five cents per box. **JOHN F. HENRY, Sole Proprietor, No. 8 College Place, New York.** 810-22

**MONEY** Easily made with our Stencil and Key-Check Outfit. 25 Circulars free. **STAFFORD MFG CO., 66 Fulton Street, New York.** 809-833

## DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York, (Branch Store, 81 Fourth Avenue.)

STILL CONTINUE TO KEEP THE LARGEST STOCK OF



**PARLOR, DINING AND BEDROOM Furniture, Carpets, Oil-Cloths, Mattresses, Spring-Beds, Etc.,**

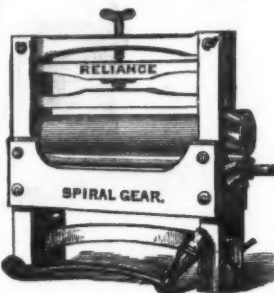
Of any House in the United States, which they offer at Retail and Wholesale prices.

**Tucker Manufacturing Co., MANUFACTURERS OF GAS AND KEROSENE FIXTURES**

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, comprising the LARGEST VARIETY of PATTERNS in both lines of goods to be found in any establishment in the country.

WAREHOUSES, 39 and 41 Park Place, New York. 117 and 119 Court Street, Boston.

**RELiance WRINGER, PERFECTED, 1871.**



Moulton Rolls, Most Durable; Spiral Gogs, Easiest Working; Curved Olamp, Holds Firmest; The Cheapest, The Best, TRY IT.

**PROVIDENCE TOOL COMPANY, 11 Warren St., N. Y., and Providence, Rhode Island.** [813-37-cow

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